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"WHAT IS IT ALL, WHEN ALL IS DONE?"

"The sun goes up, and the sun goes down,
And a thousand years are but as one;
The leaves grow green, and the leaves grow
brown,
And what is it all, when all is done?"

Aye, what is it all, if this life be all
But a draught to its dregs of a cup of gall,
A bitter round of the rayless years,
A saddening dole of wormwood tears,
A sorrowful plaint of the spirit's thrall,
The grave, the shroud, the funeral pall—
This is its sum, if this life be all.

But it is not all; beyond this shore
A sun goes up to go down no more,
The leaves that grow green are green for aye,
And the flowers that bloom do not decay.
A thousand years are indeed as one,
But of bitterness then the soul hath none,
And this is it all, when all is done!

SIDONIE, THE INTRIGANTE.

THE FROMONT JEUNE ET RISLER AINE OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.

Translated by George D. Cox.

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BOOK I.

A WEDDING AT VEFOUR'S.

"Madame Chebe!"

"My son."

"I am content!"

This was about the twentieth time that day that Risler had said he was content and always with the same tender and quiet air, with the same slow, suppressed, deep voice, that voice which restrains emotion and does not dare to speak too loudly, for fear of breaking down, all at once, in tears.

For nothing in the world would Risler have wept at that moment. However, he felt very much like it. His good fortune suffocated him, held him by the throat, stopped the flow of his speech. All he could do was to murmur from time to time with a slight trembling of the lips: "I am content! I am content!"

He had enough to be content with, in truth.

Since morning the poor man had believed himself wrapped in one of those magnificent dreams from which we awake suddenly with dazzled eyes. *His* dream seemed never likely to end. It had begun at five o'clock in the morning, and at ten o'clock in the evening, ten o'clock exactly by Vefour's time-piece, it was still going on.

How many things had taken place that day, and how the most minute details were fixed in his memory!

He saw himself at daybreak, striding about his bachelor apartment, already shaved, dressed, two pairs of white gloves in his pocket. Now came the wedding carriages, and in the first one of all—that with white horses, white lines, a lining of yellow damask—the dress of the bride appearing like a cloud. Then the entrance into the church, two by two, the little white cloud at the head, floating, light, dazzling. The organ, the sexton, the sermon of the cure, the wax candles lighting up the jewels, the spring toilets. And the crowd at the sacristy, the little white cloud frightened, embarrassed, surrounded, embraced, while the bridegroom shook hands with all the great Parisian tradesmen come to wish him joy. And the grand burst of the organ at the close, more solemn because the door of the church thrown wide open enabled the entire street to participate in the family ceremony, the sounds passing through the vestibule at the same time as the cortege; the exclamations of the populace, a workwoman in a great apron crying aloud: "The bridegroom is not good looking, but the bride is decidedly pretty!" These are the things that fill a newly married man with pride.

Afterwards, the breakfast at the manufactory, in a workroom ornamented with hangings and flowers, the promenade in the Bois, a concession made to the mother-in-law, Madame Chebe, who, in her quality of Parisian *bourgeoise*, would not have thought her daughter married without a tour of the lake and a visit to the cascade. Then the return for the dinner, whilst the lamps were being lighted upon the Boulevard where the people turned to see the wedding party pass, a true rich wedding party, drawn by a train of hired horses to Vefour's stairway.

He was at this part of his dream.

At that time, overcome with fatigue and good fortune, Risler regarded vaguely the immense table set for eighty people, terminating in a semi-circle at each end, surrounded by laughing and well-known faces, in which he seemed to see his happiness reflected from every eye. The dinner was nearly over. A wave of light talk floated around the table. There were profiles turned one towards the other, sleeves of black coats behind baskets of tropical flowers, smiling faces above fresh fruits, and the dessert on a level with the countenances surrounded all the board with gaiety, with colors, with lights.

Yes! yes! Risler was content.

Besides his brother Frantz, all those whom he loved were there. In the first place, opposite to him, Sidonie, yesterday the little Sidonie, to-day his wife. To dine, she had laid aside her veil; she had emerged from her cloud. Now from her robe of silk, all white and plain, peered up a pretty face of a deeper, softer white, and her crown of hair—below the other crown so correctly arranged—appeared rebellious and full of little wings only waiting to fly away. But husbands do not see such things.

After Sidonie and Frantz, the person whom Risler loved most of all was Madame George Fromont, she whom he called "Madame Chorche," the wife of his partner, the daughter of the deceased Fromont, his former employer and his god. He had placed her beside him, and in his manner of addressing her were both tenderness and deference. She was a young lady about the same age as Sidonie, but of more regular, more tranquil beauty. She talked little, out of place in this mixed assembly, forcing herself, however, to appear courteous.

On the other side of Risler was Madame Chebe, the bride's mother, who shone, sparkled, in her robe of green satin glowing like a buckler. Since morning all the thoughts of this good woman had been as brilliant as this dress of emblematic hue. At each moment she had said to herself: "My daughter is going to marry Fromont Jeune and Risler Aine of the Rue des Vieilles Haudriettes!" For, in her mind, it was not Risler Aine alone that her daughter espoused, but all the title of the house, that great firm famous in Parisian trade; and each time that she thought of this glorious fact, Madame Chebe drew herself up more proudly, shaking her robe to make it rustle.

What a contrast with the appearance of M. Chebe, placed a few chairs further away! In a household, generally, the same causes produce effects altogether different. This little man with a great Utopian forehead, polished, shining and empty, seemed as furious as his wife was complacent. This was nothing new for him, however, for M. Chebe raged throughout the entire year. But this evening he had not his habitual piteous and wavering mien, nor his great, flapping coat, the pockets of which stuck out crammed with samples of oil, wine, truffles, vinegar, according as he happened to be engaged in selling one or the other of these articles. His black coat, new and magnificent, served as a set-off to the green robe; but, unfortunately, his thoughts were of the color of his attire. Why had he not been placed near the bride, as was his right? Why had they given his place to Fromont Jeune? And old Gardinois, grandfather of the Fromonts, what was he doing near to Sidonie? Ah! Yes! Everything for the Fromonts and nothing for the Chebes! And yet people are astonished that revolutions break out!

Happily, to let off his bile, the enraged little man had beside him his friend Delobelle, an old actor out of employ, who listened to him with the placid and majestic look he assumed on great occasions. Though he had been banished from the stage for fifteen years through the ill-will of the managers, he could still find, when necessary, histrionic attitudes appropriate to the situation. Thus it was that this evening Delobelle had on his wedding air, half serious, half smiling, condescending to the smaller people, at once easy and solemn. It might be said that he assisted, before a full house, at a feast of a first act composed of imitation delicacies, and he had more the appearance of playing a role, this fantastic Delobelle, from the fact that, counting that they would make use of his talents in the soiree, mentally, since he had been at table, he had rehearsed the best pieces of his repertoire, which gave to his face a vague, unnatural, listless expression, that falsely attentive look of an actor on the boards, feigning to hear what is addressed to him, but thinking all the time only of his reply.

Another singular thing. The bride also had a little of this look. Upon her young and pretty face, which her good fortune animated without making it radiant, a secret preoccupation appeared; and for a moment, as if she had spoken to herself, the motion of a smile passed about the corner of her lips.

It was with this little smile that she responded to the jokes, a trifle gay, of grandfather Gardinois, seated at her right hand.

"Sidonie's like all the rest!" said he, laughing. "Just think of it—it's only two months since she talked of entering a convent! Ah, I know these girls' convents! They're like we say at home: the convent of Saint Joseph—four shoes under the bed!"

And everybody around the table laughed unblushingly at the rude pleasantries of this old countryman, for whom a colossal fortune took the place of heart, education, good will, but not of wit; for he had that, the cunning fellow, and more of it than all these shop-keepers together. Among the very few who had excited his interest, this little Chebe, whom he had known as a child, pleased him particularly; and she, on her side, too newly rich not to venerate wealth, talked to him with a mixture of respect and coquetry.

For her other neighbor, on the contrary, George Fromont, her husband's partner, she showed herself full of reserve. Their conversation was limited to the politenesses of the table, and in their bearing towards each other there was even an affectation of indifference.

All at once there was heard among the guests that little rustling which announces the departure from table, a noise of silks, of chairs, the cessation of talk, the finishing up of laughter; and in this half-silence, Madame Chebe became communicative, said to a relative in her delight at the reserved and tranquil air of the bride leaning at that moment on the arm of M. Gardinois:

"Look at her, cousin, look at her. Nobody could ever guess what she is thinking about!"

Then everybody arose and passed into the grand salon.

Whilst those invited to the ball arrived in crowds to mingle with those invited to the dinner, whilst the orchestra tuned up, whilst the eye-glassed waltzers paid their respects before the white toilets of the impatient young ladies, the bridegroom intimidated by the assembly had taken refuge with his friend Planus—Sigismond Planus, for thirty years cashier of the house of Fromont—in a little gallery ornamented with flowers, hung with paper representing a grove with climbing foliage which made it like a back-ground of verdure to the gilded salons of Vefour. There at least they were alone, they could talk.

"Sigismond, old fellow, I am content!"

And Sigismond also was content; but Risler did not give him time to say so. Now that he no longer feared that people might see him weep, all the joy of his heart overflowed:

"Think of it, my friend! 'Tis so strange that a pretty girl like she should have wanted me! For I am not handsome. It did not need that that woman should tell me so this morning for me to know it! Then I am forty-two years old, and she is so enchanting! There were so many others that she might have chosen, younger, richer, without mentioning my poor Frantz who loved her so! Well, well, 'twas her old Risler she wanted! And it came about so singularly. For a long time I beheld her sorrowful, all changed. I thought there was some love vexation at the bottom of it. With her mother, we searched, we bothered our brains to find out whom it could be. Then, one morning, Madame Chebe came into my room and said to me whilst her tears flowed: ''Tis you she loves, my poor friend!' And so it was—so it was! Who would have dreamed of such a thing? And to think that in the same year I have had two such great strokes of luck: taken into the house of Fromont and married to Sidonie! Oh!"

At that moment, in the turning and trailing measure of the waltz, a couple of dancers circled into the little salon. They were the bride and Risler's partner, George Fromont. As young, as elegant, one as the other, they talked in low tones, confining their words within the narrow ring of the dance.

"You speak falsely!" said Sidonie, a trifle pale, but with her little smile.

And the other, paler than she, responded: "I do not speak falsely. It was my uncle who wished that marriage. He was dying—you had gone. I did not dare to say no!"

From afar, Risler admired them:

"How pretty she is! How well they dance!"

But perceiving him the waltzers separated, and Sidonie hurried towards him.

"How is this? What are you doing? They are looking for you everywhere. Why are you not with the guests?"

Whilst speaking, with the pretty motion of an impatient woman, she re-arranged the knot of his cravat. This enchanted Risler, who winked at Sigismond with the corner of his eye, too happy in feeling upon his neck the light touch of that little gloved hand, to notice that all its fingers trembled.

"Give me your arm," said she, and they re-entered the salon together. Her long robe with its white train made his black coat, badly cut, badly worn, appear still more awkward; but a coat is not re-arranged like the knot of a cravat; it has to be taken as it is. Whilst they saluted in passing all the people smiling upon them, Sidonie had a moment of pride, of satisfied vanity. Unfortunately it did not last long. There was in a corner of the salon a young and pretty woman whom nobody had invited and who looked at the dancers with a calm eye, lighted up with all the joy of a first maternity. The moment he saw her, Risler went straight towards her and obliged Sidonie to seat herself at her side. It is scarcely necessary to say that this was

BEWARE!

"Madame Chorche." To whom else would he have spoken with that respectful tenderness? In what other hand than hers would he have placed that of his little Sidonie, saying: "You will love her well, will you not? You are so good! She will have such need of your advice, of your knowledge of the world!"

"But, my good Risler," responded Madame George, "Sidonie and myself are old friends. We have every reason to love each other still."

And her tranquil and frank face sought in vain to encounter that of her old friend.

With his profound ignorance of women and his habit of treating Sidonie like a child, Risler continued in the same tone: "Take her for your model, little one. There are not two in this world like Madame Chorche. She has the heart of her poor father. She is a true Fromont!"

Sidonie, her eyes lowered, speechlessly bowed, with an imperceptible shiver which ran from the toe of her satin boot to the last orange sprig of her crown. But Risler saw nothing. The emotion, the ball, the music, all these flowers, all these lights—he was intoxicated, he was mad. This atmosphere of incomparable happiness which surrounded him he believed all others breathed like himself. He did not know the rivalries, the little hates that grew within all those adorned heads.

He did not see Delobelle leaning against the mantle-piece, weary of his eternal attitude, a hand in his vest, his hat upon his hip, whilst the hours flew by without anyone thinking of utilizing his talents. He did not see M. Chebe, who chafed blackly between two doors, more furious than ever against the Fromonts. Oh! these Fromonts! What precedence they took at this wedding. They were all there, with their wives, their children, their friends, the friends of their friends. It might have been a marriage of one of them. Who mentioned the Rislers or the Chebes? They had not even presented him, the father! And what redoubled the fury of the little man was the attitude of Madame Chebe smiling maternally on everybody in her brilliant dress.

There were there, as at almost all weddings, two distinct currents which touched without uniting. One of these soon gave place to the other. The Fromonts, who so irritated M. Chebe, and who formed the aristocracy of the ball, the President of the Chamber of Commerce, the syndic of the lawyers, a famous chocolate dealer, deputy to the Corps Legislatif, the old millionaire, Gardinois, all these retired shortly after midnight. After them, George Fromont and his wife departed in their coupe. There remained only the Risler and Chebe faction, and immediately the fete, changing aspect, became more noisy.

The illustrious Delobelle, in despair at seeing that nobody asked anything of him, had decided to ask something of himself, and had commenced, in a voice resounding like a gong, the monologue of Ruy Blas: "Good appetite, Messieurs!" whilst the throng gathered at the buffet, before the chocolate and the glasses of punch. Little plain toilets stretched themselves out upon the sofas, happy that their turn had come at last, and here and there the young shop folks, devoured with ennui, amused themselves by risking a quadrille. For a long time the bride had wished to depart. Finally she disappeared with Risler and Madame Chebe. As to M. Chebe, who had recovered all his importance, it was impossible to get him away. Some one must remain to do the honors, and the little man would charge himself with that duty. He was red, lighted up, frolicsome, turbulent, almost seditious. From the lower end of the salon he was heard talking politics with Vefour's head waiter, stoutly maintaining his ground.

Through the deserted streets, the wedding carriage, whose dull coachman held the white lines somewhat sleepily, rolled heavily towards the Marais.

Madame Chebe talked incessantly, enumerating all the splendors of this memorable day, grew ecstatic above all over the dinner, even the bill of fare of which had been for her the highest expression of luxury.

Sidonie dreamed in the darkness of the carriage, and Risler, seated opposite to her, if he did not say aloud: "I am content!" thought it with all his heart. Once he tried to take a little white hand which leaned against the uplifted window, but she drew it away quickly, and he remained without motion, lost in mute admiration.

They passed through the Halles, the Rue de Rambuteau full of huckster wagons; then, towards the extremity of the Rue des Franc-Bourgeois, they turned the corner of the Archives to enter the Rue de Braque. There they stopped for the first time, and Madame Chebe descended before her door, too narrow for the splendid robe of green silk which shrunk together in entering with rustles of revolt and a murmur in all its folds.

A few moments afterwards, a great, massive gate on the Rue des Vieilles Haudriettes, bearing upon its ancient hotel escutcheon, below the half-effaced arms, a sign in blue letters: "WALL PAPERS," was thrown open for the passage of the carriage.

This time the bride, immovable as if asleep, seemed to awake suddenly, and if all the lights had not been extinguished in the immense buildings, workshops or storehouses, bordering upon the courtyard, Risler would have seen a triumphant smile illuminate all at once her pretty, enigmatical visage. The wheels subdued their noise upon the fine gravel of a garden, and soon stopped before the steps of a little hotel of two flats. It was there that the young household of the Fromonts was established, and Risler Aine and his wife were about to take possession of the flat above them. The dwelling had a grand air. Here rich trade had avenged itself upon the black streets of the sombre quarter. There was a carpet upon the stairway up to their very door, flowers in their ante-chamber; everywhere the whiteness of marble, reflections from mirrors and polished brass.

Whilst Risler strolled joyfully through all the adjoining rooms of his new habitation, Sidonie remained alone in her chamber. By the light of the little blue lamp suspended from the ceiling, she first threw a glance into the mirror which reflected her from head to foot, in all this budding luxury, so new for her; then, instead of retiring to her couch, she opened the window and stood immovable, leaning upon the balcony.

The night was clear and warmish. She saw distinctly the entire manufactory, its multitudinous windows without blinds, its window-panes shining and high, its lofty chimney stretching away towards the sky, and, nearer, that little luxurious garden backed with the old wall of the ancient hotel. All around sad and poor-looking roofs, black, black streets. Suddenly she started. Beyond, in the most sombre, in the ugliest of all those mansards which crowded together, leaned upon each other as if too heavily freighted with misery, a window on the fifth flat was thrown wide open, full of night. She recognized it at once. It was the window of the landing upon which her parents dwelt.

The window of the landing!

How many things this single name recalled to her. How many hours, how many days she had passed there, leaning upon that humid ledge without support or balcony, gazing over toward the manufactory. Again, at this moment, she thought she saw there the ragged figure of the little Chebe, and, in the frame of that poor window, all her childish life, her sorrowful girl of Paris youth, unrolled before her eyes.

II.

HISTORY OF THE LITTLE CHEBE. THREE HOUSEHOLDS ON ONE LANDING.

In Paris, for poor households cramped in their too small apartments, the common landing is like an additional room, an enlargement of the house. It is through this that in summer a little air comes in from without; there the women talk, the children play.

When the little Chebe made too much noise in the house, her mother cried to her: "Stop, you weary me! Go play upon the landing." And the child ran there very quickly.

This landing, on the last flat of an old house in which space had not been economized, was formed like a grand corridor, with high ceiling, protected on the side of the stairway by an iron balustrade, lighted by one large window from whence might be seen roofs, courts, other windows, and further off the garden of the Fromont manufactory, like a green corner in the space between the gigantic old walls.

All this was not very enchanting, but the child was much better pleased there than at home. Their rooms were so melancholy, especially when it rained and Ferdinand did not go out.

His brain always agitated with new ideas, which, unfortunately, never amounted to anything, Ferdinand Chebe was one of those lazy and visionary tradesmen of whom there are so many in Paris. His wife, whom he had at first dazzled, had speedily discovered his worthlessness and had come to support patiently and with the same air his continual dreams of fortune and their overthrow which followed immediately.

Of eighty thousand francs dowery brought by her and squandered by him in ridiculous enterprises, there only remained to them a small income which kept them as yet on an equality with their neighbors, as well as the Cashmere shawl of Madame Chebe, saved from every shipwreck, her wedding-lace, two buttons of brilliants, very small, very modest, which Sidonie occasionally begged her mother to show her in the bottom of a bureau drawer, in an antique case of white velvet, from which the name of the jeweler, in letters of gilt thirty years old, were nearly effaced. These were the sole articles of luxury in this narrow circumstanced household.

For a long while, a very long while, had M. Chebe sought for an opportunity to add something to their narrow income. But this opportunity he sought for only in what he called "commerce on foot," his health not being equal to any sedentary occupation.

It had chanced that, in the early times of his married life, whilst he was yet in funds and had a horse and tilbury for his out-of-door trips, the little man had suffered one day a considerable fall from his carriage. This fall, of which he talked constantly, served as an excuse for his laziness.

No one could be for five minutes with M. Chebe without hearing him say in a confidential tone:

"You know the accident which happened to the Duke of Orleans?"

And he added, tapping upon his little bald head:

"A similar one happened to me in my youth!"

Since that famous fall, all office-work gave him dimness of vision, and he saw himself fatally exiled to "commerce on foot." It was thus that he had been, turn by turn, broker in wines, in books, in truffles, in clocks, and many other things besides. Unhappily he grew weary, never found his position sufficient for an old tilbury trader, and, little by little, by dint of judging every occupation below him, he had grown old, incapable, a veritable lazybones, infected with a taste for dreams, a trifler.

Artists have been greatly reproached with their oddities, their caprices of nature, that horror of the conventional which throws them into paths out of the common track; but who shall ever tell all the ridiculous fantasies, all the silly eccentricities that an unoccupied tradesman can arrive at to fill up the emptiness of his life? M. Chebe established for himself certain laws for going out, for promenades. All the time they were constructing the Boulevard Sebastopol, he went twice a day to see "how it got along!"

No one knew better than he the stores in request, the specialties; and very often Madame Chebe, weary of seeing at the window the silly head of her husband, whilst she was actively mending the household linen, got rid of him by sending him out: "You know down at the corner of the Rue so and so, where they sell such good cakes? They will make us a dessert for dinner!"

And the husband went out, took to the Boulevard, idled at the shops, waited for the omnibus, passed half the day abroad for two cakes, costing three sous, which he brought back, triumphantly, mopping his forehead.

M. Chebe adored summer, Sundays, grand trips on foot in the dust of Clamant or Romainville, the train of fetes, the crowd. He was of those who went to contemplate, a whole week before the 15th of August, the black lamps, the yews, the erection of the scaffolds. And his wife did not complain of it. At least she was rid of that eternal complainer, striding for whole days around her chair with plans of gigantic enterprises, with combinations, failures from the start, with returns to the past, the fever of not making money.

She, too, did not make money, the poor woman; but she knew so well how to save it, her marvellous economy made such amends for all, that never want, neighbor of this great torment, had entered into those three rooms, always neat, to destroy the property carefully repaired, the old furniture hidden under covers.

Opposite the door of the Chebes, the brass knob of which shone tradesmanlike upon the landing, there opened two others more diminutive.

Upon the first, a carte de visite, fastened by four nails, according to the habit of industrial artists, bore the name of "RISLER, Designer at the Manufactory." The other displayed a little plate of patent leather, and this inscription in gilt letters:

"MMES. DELOBELLE,

Birds and Bugs for Ornaments."

The door of the Delobelles was often opened, and disclosed a large square room in which two females, mother and daughter, the latter scarcely more than a child, as pale, as fatigued the one as the other, toiled at one of those thousand fantastical little trades which form what is called a specialty of Paris.

It was then the fashion to adorn hats, ball dresses, etc., with those pretty little South American bugs, with colors of jewels, reflections of precious stones. The ladies Delobelle were in that branch of business.

A wholesale firm, whose importations came directly from the Antilles, sent to them, unopened, long, light cases, the covers of which being removed let out a nauseous odor, a dust of arsenic, in which shone the bugs, piled up, pierced in advance, the birds heaped one upon another, the wings held back by bands of fine paper. It was their province to mount all these, to make the bugs tremble on brass wire, to ruffle the plumage of the birds, to gloss them, to repair with a silk thread the fracture of a coral claw, to put in the place of the dead eyes two brilliant pearls, to give back to the insect or the bird its attitudes of grace and life.

The mother prepared the work under the direction of her daughter; for Desiree, young as she was, had exquisite taste, fairy invention, and no one knew like she how to put two eyes of pearls in these little bird's heads, to spread out their stiffened wings.

Lame since infancy, in consequence of an accident which had not in any way injured the grace of her regular and delicate countenance, Desiree Delobelle owed to her immobility almost forced, to her continual reluctance to go out, a certain aristocratic complexion, very white hands. Her hair always coquettishly arranged, she passed her days in the midst of a great arm chair, before her table, loaded with fashion plates, with birds of all colors, finding in the capricious and worldly elegance of her occupation forgetfulness of her own misfortune, and even a recompense for her deformity.

She thought that all these little wings were about to fly from her immovable table to undertake real voyages around the Parisian world, to sparkle in the fetes, under the lights; and from the manner in which she arranged her bugs and her birds, one might divine the turn of her thoughts. On days of trouble, of sorrow, the slender beaks stretched forward, the wings opened wide, as if to take a furious flight far, very far from fifth flat rooms, from cast-iron stoves, from privations, from misery. At other times, when she was content, her bugs had the air of being enchanted with life, just the spirited and refractory air of a little freak of fashion.

Happy or unhappy, Desiree toiled always with the same ardor. From dawn until far into the night, the table was loaded with work. At the last glimmer of day, when the bells of the manufactories sounded all around in the neighboring courts, Madame Delobelle lighted her lamp, and after a repast more than slender, they returned to their tasks.

These two indefatigable women had an aim, a fixed idea which prevented them from feeling the weight of their forced burning of the midnight oil. It was the dramatic glory of the illustrious Delobelle.

Since he had quitted the country theatres to come to play in Paris, Delobelle had waited for an intelligent director, that ideal and providential director, who discovers geniuses, to find him out and offer him a *role* equal to his talents. Perhaps he might, especially at first, have obtained an engagement for small business in a third-class house, but Delobelle did not wish to throw himself away.

He thought best to wait, to struggle, as he called it! And see in what manner he understood the strife.

In the morning, in his room, often even in his bed, he rehearsed the *roles* of his ancient repertoire, and Desiree and her mother trembled in hearing resound behind the partition the speeches of "Antony," or of the "Medecin des Enfants," declaimed by a sonorous voice, which mingled with the thousand trade noises of the great Parisian hive. Then, after breakfast, the actor went out to remain until night, went "to do his Boulevard," that is to say, to saunter slowly between the Chateau d' Eau and the Madeleine, a toothpick in the corner of his mouth, his hat a little on one side, always gloved, brushed, glossy.

This question of looks had for him a great deal of importance. It was one of his best chances of success, the bait for the director—that famous, intelligent director—to whom the idea of engaging a shabby, ill-dressed man would never occur.

Thus the Delobelles toiled sedulously that he should want nothing; and it may be imagined how many birds and bugs it was necessary to mount in order to clothe a man of his cut! The actor took it all as a matter of course.

To his mind, the efforts, the privations of his wife and daughter did not address themselves positively to him, but to that mysterious and unknown genius of which he considered himself in some way the depository.

Between the Chebe and Delobelle households there was a certain analogy of position. Only the Delobelles had less sadness. The others found their narrow life riveted around them, without horizon, always the same; whilst in the actor's family, hope and illusion opened superb views everywhere.

The Chebes were like people living in a blind-alley. The Delobelles dwelt in a little dirty street, black, without light or air, but from whence they might pass presently to the great Boulevard. Then Madame Chebe no longer believed in her husband, whilst by the magic of that single word "art," her neighbor had never doubted here!

And nevertheless, for years and years, M. Delobelle had uselessly taken Vermouth with dramatic agents, Absinthe with the chiefs of the claque, bitters with the vaudevillists, the dramatists, those famous machines, authors of many great machines. No engagements ever came. So that without playing even once, the poor man had fallen from young leading to old leading *roles*, then to statesmen, then to noble fathers, then to old men.

There he stuck.

Two or three times he had been offered the opportunity of making his living as superintendent of a club or of a cafe, as overlooker in large stores, at the *Phares de la Bastille*, at the *Colosse de Rhodes*. For these occupations it was only necessary to have good manners, and Delobelle was well supplied in that line. To all these propositions, however, the great man opposed a heroic refusal.

"I have not the right to renounce the theatre!" said he.

In the mouth of this poor devil, who had not trod the boards for years, this was irresistibly comic. But no one could laugh who had seen his wife and daughter swallow arsenic dust night and day, and who had heard them repeat energetically, as they broke their needles upon the brass of the little birds:

"No! no! M. Delobelle has not the right to renounce the theatre!"

Happy man, with aspiring eyes, always smiling with an air of condescension, his habit of reigning in plays had given him for life the exceptional position of a child-king spoiled and admired. When he walked out the shop-keepers of the Rue des Franc-Bourgeois, with that predilection of Parisians for all that pertains to the theatre, saluted him respectfully. He was always so well-dressed! And then so good, so complaisant. Who could imagine that every Saturday night he, Ruy Blas, Antony, Raphael of "Les Filles de Marbre," Andre, of "Les Pirates de la Savane," went out, a milliner's bandbox under his arm, to take home the work of his wife and daughter to a flower store of the Rue Saint Denis?

Even in acquitting himself of such a commission, this curious man had such a noble air, so much natural dignity, that the young lady charged with verifying the Delobelle account was very much embarrassed in paying to so irreproachable a gentleman the small week's pittance so laboriously gained!

On such evenings the actor did not return to dine at home. The women were forestalled. He encountered always upon the Boulevard an old comrade, a struggler like himself—there are so many in this sacred profession—whom he treated, at the restaurant, the cafe. Then, with extreme faithfulness, he took home the remainder of the money, sometimes a bouquet for his wife, a little gift for Desiree, a nothing, a folly. These are the habits of the theatre. One so often in a melo-drama throws a fistful of money out of the window:

"There, pretty one! Take that purse and go say to your mistress that I await her!"

Thus, despite their great courage, and although their trade was lucrative enough, the Delobelles found themselves often pressed, especially in the dull season for the specialty of Paris.

Happily the good Risler was there, always ready to oblige his friends.

William Risler, the head of the third household on the landing, dwelt with his brother Frantz, younger than himself by fifteen years. These two Swiss, large, blonde, strong, bright, brought into the stifling atmosphere of the sombre house of toilers countrified and healthful looks. The elder was a designer in the Fromont manufactory and paid the college expenses of his brother, who was taking a course of Chaptal previous to entering the Ecole Centrale.

On his arrival in Paris, terribly embarrassed with the installation of his little household, William had found in the ladies Chebe and Delobelle advice, information, an indispensable aid to this simple bachelor, timid, a little slow, hindered by his accent and his foreign air. After a short time of residence and mutual services, the brothers became, so to speak, part of the two families.

On fete days, their plates were always set on the table in the one or the other place, and it was a great satisfaction for these two exiles to find in these poor households, so modest, so confined as they were, a corner of tenderness and of family life. The pay of the designer, very able in his trade, allowed him to render service to the Delobelles on rent-day, to come among the Chebes like a grand uncle, always charged with surprises, with gifts, and for these reasons little Sidonie, as soon as she saw him, ran to his pockets, climbed upon his knees.

Every Sunday, he took them all to the theatre; and almost every evening he went with Messrs. Chebe and Delobelle to a brewery in the Rue Blondel, where he regaled them with beer and pretzels. Beer and pretzels were his vice.

For him there was no greater pleasure than to be seated before a beer-glass between his two friends and to hear them talk, and only mixing in their conversation, generally a long overflow of complaints against society, by a loud laugh or a wag of the head.

An infantile timidity, Germanisms of language, always preserved in his life of absorbing work prevented him greatly from expressing his thoughts. Besides, his friends imposed upon him. They held up before him the immense superiority of the man who does nothing over the man who works; and M. Chebe, less generous than Delobelle, did not hesitate to make him feel it. He was very haughty to him, M. Chebe! For him, a man working like Risler, ten hours a day, was incapable, on putting aside his tasks, of expressing an intelligent opinion. Sometimes the designer, coming home worn out from the manufactory, prepared to pass the night in pressing work. It was curious to note the scandalized air of M. Chebe on such occasions!

"Nothing could make me follow a trade like that!" said he bridling up; and he added looking Risler straight in the face, with the searching eye of a visiting physician: "You, when you have had a good attack——"

Delobelle was not so unrelenting, but he treated him still more haughtily:

"Le cedre ne voit pas une rose a sa base."

Delobelle saw not Risler at his feet.

When by chance he condescended to notice his presence, the great man had a certain fashion of leaning towards him to hear him, of smiling at his words as at those of a child; or he amused himself by dazzling him with the histories of actresses, gave him lessons in grace, addresses of clothiers, not comprehending why a man who earned so much money should be always clothed like a simpleton of the primary school. The good Risler, convicted of his inferiority, tried to obtain pardon by a crowd of attentions, of little cares, obliged by every delicacy, since he was the eternal benefactor.

Between these three households living upon the same landing, the little Chebe placed the connecting link of her perpetual goings and comings.

Throughout the day she slipped into the work-room of the Delobelles, amused herself with their toil, looked at all the bugs, and already more coquettish than playful, if in the voyage a bug had lost one of its wings, a bird its collar of down, she tried to make an ornament of the ruins, to fasten this shining mark in the curls of her fine hair. Desiree and her mother laughed to see her stretch herself on tip-toe up towards the old tarnished mirror, with affectations, friskings. Then, when she had enough of her own admiration, the child, with all the strength of her little fingers, opened the door and, gravely, her head elevated for fear of deranging her head-dress, went to knock at the lodgings of the Rislers.

There was there in the daytime only Frantz, the student, bending over his class-books, doing his duty very reasonably. Sidonie entered; farewell study! He must quit all to receive this fine lady, whose head was adorned with a bird, imagined a princess who had come to visit him at the college Chaptal to demand him in marriage of the director!

It was truly strange to see this tall lad, grown too quickly, play with this little girl of eight years, bend to her caprices, adore her in yielding, so much so that later, when he had become altogether love-stricken, no one could tell at what time the affair had begun.

Petted as she was in these two households, there was always a moment in which the little Chebe stole away to the window of the landing. It was there that she found her greatest attraction, a sky always open, something like a vision of the future towards which she bent curiously and without fear, for children are in no danger of vertigo.

Between the roofs of slate inclined one towards the other, the great wall of the manufactory, the tops of the plane trees of the garden, the sky-lighted workshops appeared to her like a promised land, the land of her dreams.

This house of Fromont was for her the highest signification of wealth.

The place which it occupied in this corner of the Marais, enveloped at certain hours in its smoke and work-noises, the enthusiasm of Risler, his wonderful recitals of the fortune the bounty, the ability of his employer, had awakened this curiosity of the child; and what could be seen of the buildings of residence, the fine blinds of carved wood, the rounded steps before which was ranged the furniture of the garden, a large aviary of burnished brass which shone in the sun, traversed by gilded wire, the blue coupe ready in the court-yard, were objects enough for her constant admiration.

She knew all the habits of the house—the hour at which they sounded the bell, the departure of the workmen, the Saturday pay days which kept the little lamp of the cashier lighted far into the evening, and the long Sunday afternoons, the workshops closed, the fires put out, that great silence which brought near to her the diversions of Mademoiselle Claire, running in the garden with her cousin George. From Risler she had the details.

"Show me the windows of the salon," said she to him, "and the chamber of Claire!"

Risler, enchanted with this extraordinary sympathy for his dear manufactory, explained fully to the child the arrangement of the buildings, pointed out to her the workshops of impression, of gilding, of coloring, the hall of design where he worked, that of the steam engines from whence mounted that immense chimney which blackened all the surrounding walls with its active smoke, and did not think, surely, that a little being hidden under a neighboring roof mingled her most intimate thoughts with its great breath of indefatigable toil.

Finally, one day Sidonie penetrated into this dimly-seen paradise.

Madame Fromont, to whom Risler often spoke of the gentleness, of the intelligence of his little neighbor, asked him to bring her to a children's ball, which she had prepared for Christmas. At first M. Chebe responded by a flat refusal. Already, at that time, these Fromonts, whose name was always in Risler's mouth, exasperated, humiliated him by their good fortune. Besides, it was to be a fancy dress ball, and M. Chebe—who did not sell wall-papers!—had not the means to dress his daughter *en danseuse*! But Risler insisted, declared that he would take everything upon himself, and immediately began to design a costume!

That was a memorable evening.

In the chamber of Madame Chebe, cluttered up with dresses, pins, small toilet articles, Desiree Delobelle presided at the attiring of Sidonie. The little girl, made taller by her short skirt of red flannel, striped with black, stood before the mirror straight, immovable, in the brightness of her apparel. She was charming. The corsage, with crossbars of velvet, laced upon the white neckerchief, the beautiful long tresses of chestnut hair escaping from under a hat of plaited straw—all these details, a trifle common, of her Swiss costume, were set off by the intelligent face of the child and her affected grace at ease among the lively colors of this theatrical outfit.

All the assembled neighbors uttered cries of admiration. Whilst some one went out to hunt up Delobelle, the lame girl arranged the folds of the skirt, the ribbons of the shoes, made a final scrutiny of her work, without quitting her needle, animated, she also, the poor child, with the supreme intoxication of this fete which she was not to see. The great man arrived. He made Sidonie repeat two or three elegant bows which he had taught her, the style of walking, of posing herself, of smiling with her mouth open in a circle, even the place of the little finger. It was truly comic to see the precision with which the child manoeuvred.

"She has stage blood in her veins!" cried the old actor, with enthusiasm, and without comprehending why that great booby, Frantz, felt called on to weep.

A year after this happy soiree, Sidonie could tell what flowers decorated the ante-chambers, the color of the furniture, the dance air that was being played at the moment she entered the ball room, so profound had been the impression of her pleasure. She forgot nothing, neither the costumes that whirled around her, nor the laughter of the children, nor all those little steps that pressed upon the slippery floors. One moment, seated on the edge of a grand sofa of red silk, whilst she took upon a salver stretched out before her the first sherbet of her life, she thought all at once of the black stairway, of the little apartment without air of her parents, and they seemed to her like a distant country, quitted forever.

For the rest, she was found ravishing, was admired and petted by all. Claire Fromont, a miniature Caux girl all in lace, presented her to her cousin George, a fine-looking hussar, who turned around at each step to see the effect of his sabretache.

"Do you hear, George? She is my friend. She will come play with us on Sunday. Mamma has consented to it."

And in the ingenuous overflow of a happy child, she embraced the little Chebe with all her heart.

However, she had to depart. For a long time, though, in the black street where the snow was melting, on the dark stairway, in the silent chamber where her mother awaited, her the brilliant light of the salons shone before her dazzled eyes.

"Was it pretty? Were you much pleased?" asked Madame Chebe of her, unhooking one by one the fastenings of the brilliant costume.

And Sidonie, overcome with fatigue, went fast asleep as she stood without response, beginning a beautiful dream, which was to last all her youth, and to cost her many, many tears.

Claire Fromont kept her word. Sidonie came often to play in the pretty gravel-paved garden, and could see nearer the carved blinds, the aviary with gilded wire. She knew all the corners and out-of-the-way places of the immense manufactory, played great games of hide and seek under the impression tables, in the solitude of Sunday afternoons. On fete days her plate was placed on the children's table.

Everybody loved her, although she never showed much affection for anyone. Whilst she was in the midst of this luxury, she found herself tender, happy, as adorned; but returned to her parents, when she saw the manufactory through the dull panes of the window of the landing, there was in her a regret, an inexplicable anger.

And yet Claire Fromont treated her like a bosom friend.

Sometimes they took her to the Bois de Boulogne, to the Tuileries, in the famous blue coupe, and sometimes to the country, to pass a whole week at the chateau of Grandfather Gardinois, at Savigny-sur-Orge. Thanks to the gifts of Risler, very proud of the success of his little one, she was always neat, well-dressed. Madame Chebe made it a point of honor, and the pretty lame girl was there to put at the service of her little friend the treasures of inutilized coquetry.

M. Chebe, always hostile to the Fromonts, saw with an evil eye this growing intimacy. The true reason was that they did not invite him; but he gave others, and said to his wife:

"Do you not see that your daughter is full of regret when she comes back from over there, that she passes hours dreaming at the window?"

But poor Madame Chebe, so unhappy since her marriage, had become unforeseeing. She thought that the present should be enjoyed for fear of the future, that good fortune should be seized as it passes, since often one has in life for support and consolation but the remembrance of a happy childhood.

For once, it turned out that M. Chebe was right.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SCIENTIFIC.

A STRIKING and curious experiment, showing the superior weight of carbonic acid gas over air, may be made by projecting the shadow of the gas, as it is poured from its containing vessel, upon a screen. The latter should be of white paper, and bright sunlight should fall on the stream of gas, which should be poured from the spout of a pitcher held within ten inches of the screen. The curious result of a shadow produced by apparently nothing will be seen, the former resembling descending smoke, quite black at the spout of the vessel, but brightly illuminated wherever the sunlight is concentrated by passing through the gas.

A GENTLEMAN in the country has discovered a natural barometer, being no other than the spider's web. When it is about to rain and be windy, the spider shortens considerably the last thread to which his web is suspended, and leaves it in this state while the weather remains variable. If the insect lengthens its threads it will be fine, and the fineness may be guessed by the length they attain to. If the spider remains inactive it is a sign of rain, if, on the contrary, it begins to work while it rains it betokens a speedy change for the better. The spider alters his web every twenty-four hours, and if these alterations are made a little before sunset the night will be fine.

GERMINATION OF SEEDS.—Many years ago it was asserted that camphor possessed the power of accelerating the germination of seeds, and a similar property was subsequently claimed for chlorine, bromine, and iodine. Hackel has by experiment found the statement correct. Seeds of *Raphanus sativus* (the common radish) germinated on the average in eight days when treated with pure water only; kept moist with iodine water, they germinated in five days; with bromine water, in three days; and with chlorine water, in two days. The monobromide of camphor produced the most extraordinary effect, germination occurring after a mean interval of thirty-six hours. Hackel does not suggest any explanation. Alkaline borates and silicates retard germination, while soluble arseniates prevent it by destroying the embryo.

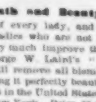
THE thickest armor plate ever produced has recently been rolled at the Scammell Works, Sheffield, England. From four and one-half inches, the size has been increased step by step till it finally reached fourteen inches, and now they have succeeded in producing one of twenty-two inches, this being eight inches thicker than any armor ever yet rolled. The plates of which this is a sample are intended for two war vessels now being constructed for the Italian Government, and the gun to be used in testing this great plate, which weighs thirty-five tons, is a one-hundred ton Armstrong gun. The vessels are to have two turrets, each turret to contain two of these enormous pieces of artillery. The manufacturer states that if these guns succeed in penetrating this plate, he shall have no hesitation in rolling one of thirty or even forty inches in thickness.

ACCORDING to the London *Lancet*, a new race of dairymen have arisen in the English metropolis, who churn the Thames, as it were, and make a good profit from the operation. By means of balls of hair and like substances, placed in the river below the city, they collect certain fatty matters which float upon the water's surface, and by processes known only to themselves convert the fats into butter which is good enough in appearance and taste to deceive even the very elect among householders. The uncomfortable fact connected with this industry is that the fatty matters collected are the waste of candle factories and soap boiling establishments, with some contributions from the sewers added—an unsavory mess to the imagination, however pleasant the skill of the manufacturers may make it to the palates of London breakfast eaters.

THE familiar house-fly (*Musca domestica*) is apt to be considered an unmitigated pest. It is, therefore, time to call attention to some recent investigations of a chemist which go to bear out the pious axiom that everything has its use. This observer, noticing the movements of flies after alighting, rubbing their hind feet together, their hind feet and wings, and their fore feet, was led to explore into the cause, and he found that the fly's wings and legs, during his gyrations in the air, become coated with extremely minute animalculae, which he subsequently devours. These microscopic creatures are poisonous, and abound in impure air, so that flies perform a useful work in removing the seeds of disease. Leanness in a fly is prima facie evidence of pure air in the house, while corpulency indicates foulness and bad ventilation. If these observations are well-founded, the house-keeper, instead of killing off the flies with poisonous preparations, should make her premises as sweet and clean as possible, and then, having protected food with wire or other covers, leave the busy flies to act as airy scavengers.

EBONITE.—The use of ebonite, one of the newer preparations of india rubber, is constantly increasing, on account of its better applicability to many purposes in the arts than its near ally, vulcanite. The two substances are quite similar, being composed of india rubber and sulphur, with some preparation of gutta percha, shellac, asphalt, graphite, etc., although these latter are not essential. In vulcanite the amount of rubber does not exceed twenty to thirty per cent., whereas in ebonite the percentage of sulphur may reach as high as sixty. An increased temperature is also required for its preparation. The approved formula consists in mixing together one hundred parts of rubber, forty-five of sulphur and ten of gutta percha, with sufficient heat to facilitate the combination. In manufacture, a sufficient quantity of this mixture is placed in a mold of a desired shape, and of such material as will not be affected by the sulphur contained in the mass. It is then exposed to heat of about 315° and a pressure of about twelve pounds to the square inch for two hours. This is done most readily by placing the mould in a steam pan, where the requisite pressure and temperature can easily be kept up. When cold, the ebonite is removed from the mold and finished and polished in the usual manner.

SMELTING AMONG THE AMERICAN INDIANS.—The American Indian method of smelting precious metals was one of the most remarkable devices of savage ingenuity. Logan tells us that, having first hollowed out a flat stone in the form of a basin, they filled it with charcoal, and upon this laid the nuggets of metals. A number of Indians next seated themselves in a circle around the basin, each one having in his hand a long reed pierced through its entire length, and armed at one end with a clay tube or pipe. Everything being ready, fire was applied to the charcoal, and the whole mass instantly blown into a powerful heat through the reeds, the clay extremities of which were inserted in the basin, while the Indians blew through them upon the charcoal with all their might, and with protracted expiration. No ordinary lump of either gold or copper could long maintain its solidity in such a crucible. With this process the Indians could easily produce any variety of ornament from those metals, using them either alone or in alloy. This method was known to have been in use among the Indians who lived upon the gold-producing lands of North Carolina, and the same process must have been known to the Cherokees. These [illegible] and traditions go to confirm what Lawson says, that the Indians, from time immemorial, were acquainted with valuable mines of gold and silver in Upper Carolina.



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THE SEASONS

A blue-eyed child that sits amid the noon,
O'erhung with a laburnum's drooping sprays,
Singing her little song, while softly round
Along the grass the chequered sunshine plays.

All beauty that is throned in womanhood,
Pacing a summer garden's fountained walks,
That stoops to smooth a glossy spaniel down
To hide her flushing cheeks from one who talks.

A happy mother with her fair-faced girls,
In whose sweet spring her youth again she sees,
With shout and dance, and laugh, and bound, and song,
Stripping an autumn's orchard laden trees.

An aged woman in a wintry room—
Frost on the pane, without the whirling snow—
Reading old letters of her far off youth,
Of sorrows past, and joys of long ago.

A DREAM
—OF—
SPRING.

Translated from the German of Johannes Van Dewall for the SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[This story was commenced in No. 20. Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER VII.

The dance was at an end. I conducted Madame Heine to her husband and rushed out. It seemed as if my heart would burst. From the heavy air of the bright salon, I went out into the clear, dusky summer night. What a contrast! What blessed stillness and rest out here under the trees! What sublime peace in all nature! The tops of the trees quivered and rustled mysteriously in the moon-light, glittering like liquid silver, and whispered in my ear their ancient melodies and tales; the night wind caressed my glowing cheeks tenderly and gently; it swept its soft hand coaxingly over my face; it murmured in my ear—Why dost thou fear, why dost thou grieve, thou foolish child of man? Look up to the lofty arch of heaven and see the millions of stars! they have passed over their eternal course according to the counsel of God, for thousands of years. No light has been extinguished in the blue ether since the world stood and the firmament revolved! Why dost thou fear, thou little faithless heart? Does not everything happen according to His will, and are not the hairs of thy head numbered? Take the blessed peace of God into thy heart, let it enter thy breast and banish thy cares! Look around; is not the world beautiful? Why, O man, delude thyself with self-inflicted torments? Look around!

So I stood upon the Bastel, leaning on the railing alone with my thoughts in the still, magic night. My eyes swept over the world, which opened up before them with all its charms. I heard the spirit voices of the night in soft murmurs saying to me—Look around, thou son of the earth; all this, with its ineffable splendor was created for thee. The disk of the moon floated in the heavens, so dreamily and mildly; it poured its silver light over the quiet, shining stream below, deep, deep, into the valleys at my feet; and the rocks glistened mysteriously like polished metal in the night. The mountains towered black above me; the defiles of the rocks, and the still, wild landscape; the villages, from which a tremulous light twinkled here and there, lay deeply buried in the shadow of night. On the railway, on the other side of the stream, the red and green signals sparkled like glow-worms, and the rails shone in the moonlight like long, silver threads. Sometimes when the night breeze swept across more strongly, it bore with it the rushing of the water, and the tops of the trees whispered more busily and excitedly. Everywhere else there was a holy, sublime stillness. It touched my heart like a sweet old song; like an unuttered prayer.

The fiery serpent which rushed through the night, the shrill whistle of the locomotive, roused me abruptly out of my dreams. The steam horse galloped thundering past; never resting, it goes on incessantly, working hard in the service of man. The smoke formed in the moonlight various fantastic shapes; like a long banner it fluttered behind and disappeared at last round the curve behind the rocks. And again deep, holy stillness.

I sat down upon the little wooden bench. I closed my eyes and meditated more trustfully than before. "Who knows of what good it will be?" said I to myself, and then suddenly an indescribably fierce pain pierced me, like the stab of a knife. I saw her standing before me, so lovely and so pale, an angel with broken wings! Oh! I would gladly have poured out my heart's blood for her happiness. I considered: What was it, then, that I felt for Adda? Was it only pity—was it love? What agitated me thus to the depths of my soul? I heard a light step and looked up.

Adda, a plaid thrown over her shoulders, walked hastily over the narrow bridge, which led to the outer rocks; her figure was clearly drawn against the starry sky. How terrified I was—how my heart suddenly stood still!

"Adda!" I cried, softly, and with emotion, hastening up to her.

"Remain sitting," said she, sadly, and pushed back the shawl, enveloped her.

"Oh, I thought I should perhaps meet you here."

Breathing heavily, she seated herself at my side. We were silent. I was not able to speak a word, it was a painful, significant moment. We both strove for composure. Then Adda rose slowly and went to the parapet and I followed her with a whole world of emotion in my heart. Thus deeply moved we looked out for awhile, into the night. Her shawl slipped quite down from her head, the night-wind played gently in her curls, the moon shone upon her wonderfully-sweet face and upon the tears, which dropped slowly from her eye-lashes.

"Adda!" said I, softly, with trembling voice, "Adda!" she slowly turned her face toward me with a look full of reproach and love; and weeping bitterly, her head sank upon my breast, as if she sought refuge on my heart. "Adda, dear, sweet Adda!" I cried, intoxicated with happiness. I kissed her hands, her brow, her eyes, I drank her tears,—"poor, dear girl," I faltered, "what have they done to you?"

She shivered slightly as if chilled, and wept quietly. I was as if drunken with happiness and bliss. I put my arm round the beautiful, yielding form; I drew her close to me on the bench and kissed her, till she gently disengaged herself from my embrace. Then I took both her hands in mine and gazed deeply into the sweet, downcast eyes and asked whether she would trust me, if she would be mine, if she would love me as I loved her, utterly, beyond all measures. And again I kissed those soft, trembling lips and again she rested on my heart. "Oh Adda," murmured I. "Oh, find strength in your love to withstand all the temptations, all the urgings of your family. Will you do this, Adda, will you wait patiently two or three years till I can offer you a suitable, independent position,—will you be my wife? Speak!"

She looked up at me all love and trust; she opened her lips to speak; then suddenly we heard steps, the leaves rustled.

"Adda,—Adda!" the voice of her aunt called loudly through the night.

Trembling like a frightened deer, Adda sprang up, helplessly stretching out her arms and clung convulsively to me. "Oh, God!" she groaned, terrified to death. The moment was critical. I felt that we ought not to be found together thus.

"Remain quietly standing here, Adda," whispered I, with quick resolve, "preserve your self-command; we meet again, beloved; God guard thee!" and, leaping with a spring over the bridge, I disappeared, swift as an arrow, and without noise, in the bushes, in spite of my powerless left arm, and, out of breath, remained there listening.

It was high time. Some dusky figures approached quickly. "Where are you, my child?" I heard immediately afterwards the irritated voice of Frau von Ivernois, who just now came down the narrow path, accompanied by the Rathin and uncle Blunt. "What childishness, to bring upon yourself a cold, by standing so heated in the night air!" She continued, provoked, "I really should have considered you more sensible."

"Oh, dear aunt," I heard Adda's soft, pleading voice in reply, "I wanted so much to be alone for a few minutes."

"God be thanked that you have at least put on a warm shawl," said the Rathin, interrupting. Then Frau von Ivernois went up to Adda, grasped her hand and looked closely at her a moment; she then led her to the railing a little aside and by her gestures and Adda's demeanor, I saw clearly that she gave her a severe reproof.

I stood as if on coals in my place of concealment; how humiliating for me to be obliged to hide here and see Adda scolded! Great God, if they had watched us! passed through my mind. How much would they blame the dear girl and torment her with reproof and severe lectures! And what would they think of me? But that was a secondary consideration; I was only troubled by the thought that my beloved should suffer for my sake; that I could not step forward now and say to them: "Adda loves me, give her to me as my wife. I will guard her and cherish her as the apple of my eye; I will be to her a faithful, loving husband as long as I live!"

Meanwhile uncle Blunt stood only some five paces distant from me in a continual nervous disgust. He appeared like a gnome in the moonlight, his eyes wandered restlessly and always turned in the direction of the bushes, which concealed me.

"Had he discovered me,—had he perhaps watched us?"

But now the aunt spoke: "What stillness; how refreshing; what a wonderful night! I would like to remain here longer, but our dear guests would miss us."

So saying, she turned to go. Without loosening her hold on Adda's hand, she walked down the narrow stairway, passing close by me. Adda, staring straight before her, followed without a word; behind them went the Rathin and Uncle Blunt.

I listened an instant to their retreating steps, then I glided out of my concealment and keeping carefully in the shadow of the trees, hastened noiselessly by a roundabout way to the hotel. I reached it before them and mingled with the merry company as unconcerned as possible. I was just in the act of filling my glass from the pine apple bowl on the sideboard when some one gently pulled my sleeve.

"Why, why! where have you staid so long, *mon ami*?" asked Margot artfully, threatening me with her finger.

"I was out on the Teufelsbruck a short time," I answered, with difficulty forcing myself to jest. "And you, little witch, you are glowing like a firebrand from dancing."

But Margot did not agree to this turn in the conversation.

"Oh, Heavens," she cried, "you are covered with pine needles," and she began to brush my back and shoulders with her handkerchief, "and here, *O ciel*, what is this here? A long, blond hair? A woman's hair? Oh! Oh! Oh!"

She looked at me full of astonishment, and I felt how the warm blood rose suddenly and treacherously to my cheeks.

"Nonsense, Margot!" said I angrily.

"Has the devil, that haunts that place, such hair?" she continued mercilessly, winding the hair around her finger.

"*O mon Dieu*, what will not one live to see? Be still, be silent, horrible man!" she interrupted, when I would have replied, attaching herself to my arm, "rather confess everything to me, *mon pauvre ami*, and do not look so troubled, because no one perceived that you were with the witches on the Devil's bridge. Do not knit your brows so; they have missed you, they are looking for you. Let us rather have a harmless little dance, but not on a broomstick—in perfect style, do you understand? You will not? Then we will take a turn through the salon, and talk like sensible people. See, there they come already. Whew! how they look, so cross, and Adda so pale and her hair all rumpled! What has happened? Does the wind blow so hard on the Devil's bridge?"

Thus she tried various jests and mockery with me in her way; but I scarcely heard her chatter, for I looked anxiously at the door, through which they entered. What I saw was anything but consoling. Did they suspect what had passed between us, or yet worse than this, had any one seen us together on the Bastel? Had they watched us? Frau von Ivernois appeared very grave and looked sharply, yes, really unkindly at me for the first time in her life. The Rathin continually wiped her eyes with her handkerchief and Uncle Blunt had quite an anxious, aged look in his face.

"Where were you so long, Herr Wagner?" asked Frau von Ivernois, approaching. I blushed under her inquiring glance. "They have sought you everywhere, but in vain."

But before I could reply, Margot hastily answered in my stead.

"Is it not so, *ma petite taute*?" said she, pouting, "it is not at all gallant of Monsieur to withdraw from our company. Only think, he was on the Teufelsbruck, in the middle of the night—b-r-r-r, how horrible it would be there now!"

But the aunt closed the mouth of the forward Miss by a look, which was not to be misunderstood.

"You should not expose yourself so imprudently to the night air, my dear sir," said she to me, and her voice sounded cool and reproachful. "I do not think that can be good for one in your condition." With that she turned away and left me standing there.

"*Qu'est ce que c'est?*" asked Margot, when her aunt had gone, and astonished, she stood on tip-toe the better to look at me.

"I do not know," I answered, confused, and tried to catch a look from Adda; but I could only discern the outline of her figure once or twice through the open door of the adjoining room. She sat there well guarded by her mother and the Heine family; and I could not prevail upon myself to approach her in the present circumstances after our exciting interview. A quarter of an hour afterwards the little ball closed, and so I obtained that evening no opportunity to speak alone with my beloved. She did not even venture to extend her hand to me, when, with downcast eyes she bade me good-night. She had always done this before.

I lay a long time with open eyes in my narrow bed, listening to the rustling of the trees outside and to the increasing roar of the wind, before I fell asleep. Once for all I thought over everything that had happened to-day, considered it all and formed my resolution. I was greatly agitated. To-morrow I would speak with Adda again; I would obtain her decided consent; her firm assurance that she would be my wife; and then I would go forward openly and speak with her aunt and her mother; would entreat them to give her to me; to place nothing in the way of our young love. An end must be put to this uncertainty. In two or three years I could support a wife if all went well. If I was industrious and had any success, we might later live even in comfort.

Thus I lay and formed plans and laid out and thought over the future, till at last I fell asleep upon it. When I awoke the faint daylight fell gray through the curtains; the wind drove the rain in torrents against my window. I arose quickly and looked out astonished; the whole sky was thickly overcast and heavy, ragged clouds came down in long sheets of vapor, obscuring the prospect. My wound pained me in consequence of this change in the weather and my mind was oppressed and anxious.

At eight o'clock the whole company again assembled below in the dining-room, all but Adda and Uncle Blunt, who wished to be excused, for they were both indisposed. Margot had just dipped her biscuit into her cup when the aunt announced this sorrowful news; she drew up her eye-brows as the old gentleman was accustomed to do and motioned with her biscuit over her face, to intimate to me that Uncle Blunt was still at his toilette, that he was now putting on the rouge and therefore could not appear. In spite of the absence of two such important persons, and the wretched weather, the young people were very noisy and very merry; they arranged social games and passed the time as well as they could; the rest of us sat around, talking in monosyllables and looked on. Long consultations were held with the host and the barometer about the weather, and when at ten o'clock the situation proved to be hopeless, it was determined that the most prudent course to be chosen in these circumstances was to give up the plan of the mountain party and return to Dresden. With this resolution my intentions for to-day came to naught. At eleven o'clock some carriages arrived for the ladies and Uncle Blunt, the rest of us went on foot, with shawls and umbrellas, down the short distance to Rathen, the landing-place, and soon after our party floated down the Elbe in the next steamboat. Uncle Blunt recovered rapidly on the way home, after drinking two bottles of heavy wine with me and the procurator; but poor Adda looked so pale and fatigued behind her veil, that there was no doubt that hers was a real illness. She sat all the time between her mother and Frau von Ivernois, who appeared to keep watch over her.

Madame Heine told me that her sister, by standing on the Bastel in the night air, had imprudently exposed herself, when much heated by dancing. This folly had naturally brought on a severe cold. It was a gloomy, damp, cold journey, and every one of us longed for the end of it.

CHAPTER VII.

It was nearly two o'clock when we saw the towers of Dresden emerge from the grey veil of clouds. A quarter of an hour later the boat landed at the Bruhlschen Terrace, and we went on shore in a pouring rain. Everyone expressed, as quickly as possible, his thanks to Frau von Ivernois, with the regret that the beautiful festival had ended so unfortunately, and then hastened for shelter to his lodgings. While trying to find a carriage for the ladies, I became thoroughly wet, and was still more imprudent in exposing myself to the rough draught of air near the river. Shivering and dripping wet, I arrived at the Ostra Allie. On entering my room, and though I changed my clothes immediately, I was completely chilled, and my wound pained me more than had been the case for weeks.

The night following, I became very sick. My arm grew worse; the wound opened, and I was nearer death than ever before. I have but a faint, painful recollection of what happened during the next days and weeks; yet Heaven's grace and my good constitution saved me once more. After long hours of suffering, consciousness returned. The angel of death hesitatingly left my side and set me free. I awoke. A stranger dressed in black, a "Sister of Charity" sat by my bed, telling me that she was my nurse and that I had been very sick. She gave me medicine and food, and bade me keep as quiet as possible. To my inquiries after Frau von Ivernois, Adda and the other members of the family, she answered briefly and evasively: "They are all well, but the doctor has strictly forbidden every visit." I was so exhausted that immediately after I fell asleep again.

Slowly I began to recover. There is scarcely a more delightful condition for one severely sick than that dream-life during the first days of reawakening to existence; when recovery commences, the pains cease; when the little flame which was so nearly extinguished begins to burn anew, and the soul gradually adapts itself to the regained life. Without care, as in our childhood years, we lie in a quiet dream; a veil beneficently covers our mind, lovely pictures hover before us, sweet melodies sound in our ears, coming as if from a far-distant past, and keep the cares away that we may gather strength for the new life. But scarcely do we feel the blood flowing more strongly through our veins, consciousness scarcely reawakes more fully, than care, the grey hag, returns to our side and drives away the blessed peace with her cold, heartless hands; even to him just rescued from death she envies the brief happiness; the serpent of distrust and anxiety twines again around our heart.

One morning I awoke stronger, with full recollection of the past, and thus disquietude and cares returned. I watched the quiet girl walking about my room, and wondered that no one else came to inquire after me. I sat on my bed and looked eagerly, now at her and then at the closed door, every moment expecting that it would open, and a familiar form would enter through it. But I waited in vain. An inward anxiety and fear had taken possession of me. Suddenly the entire past lay clearly before me, and tormenting thoughts entered my soul. I began to speak and to attack the sister with numberless questions. I wanted to know how long I had been sick; where Frau von Ivernois was; where the others were; and why they did not come to see me. I inquired after Adda; after Mr. Blunt and Margot; but the Sister, with her round, sweet face, seemed little inclined to satisfy my curiosity. She told me that I had been dangerously ill for nearly three weeks, in consequence of a severe cold. Three weeks! how frightened I was. That the doctor had decidedly forbidden every visit and all talking, and that the members of the family were perfectly well, and would come to see me in due time. I could learn nothing more from her. The doctor, also, who attended me, said the same thing with an earnest face, and forbade me to talk. My servant was at that time not allowed to enter my sick room; and so I had to bear with it contentedly, and lay alone with my own thoughts, behind the closed curtains.

Thus the time passed. It was a Sunday morning, my nurse had opened the window; the church bells were ringing, and the sun shone warmly into the room. All at once the door opened softly and Mademoiselle Margot cautiously pushed her curly head through the open space. Her beaming eyes glanced swiftly as an arrow to the right and left, her finger was pressed on her lips to command silence, and when she had assured herself of my being alone, she rushed towards me. She was apparently excited, and looked at me anxiously.

"Oh how happy I am to see you!" she whispered. "*O mon pauvre ami*, you were so sick!" And she grasped my hand impetuously, and yet so gently and tenderly, her large, shining eyes rested so lovingly and compassionately upon my pale features, that I was deeply moved.

"Margot, my dear little Margot," I said softly, lightly caressing her cheeks and tangled curls, "how kind it is of you to come; how glad I am to see you; you are the first to visit me, that I shall never forget!"

She held my hand firmly in hers; she knelt slowly down on the carpet at my bedside and looked inquiringly and sadly into my eyes. "*O, mon Dieu!* how happy I am that you smile again!" she whispered, and it seemed to me as if her eyes grew moist and a tear glistened in her lashes.

My heart felt so grateful to her that I involuntarily pressed her slender, delicate fingers more closely in my wasted hands, and raised them to my lips. A warm blush rose in her agitated face; for one moment she hid her head in my pillow, and laid her soft, brown cheek upon my hand. I felt it burning.

"Oh Margot, dear little Margot, how long it is since we have seen each other!" I cried, much affected.

"Be still, be quiet," she said, in a low tone, and rose carefully, "they have forbidden me to see you. Nobody must find me here. Oh God: how silly to cry; but I cannot help it; you were so very ill—so near dying!"

I looked thankfully at her. I felt so strangely to-day—so deeply moved.

"And how is your aunt; where are the others, Margot?" "Why is no one allowed to see me?"

"The others," repeated Margot, with astonishment; "but don't you know? They have all gone; aunt Ivernois is with aunt Rathin, and Adda in Berlin, and uncle Blunt has been in England for two months. But has no one told you that?"

My amazement—my terror were beyond expression.

"They have gone!" I exclaimed, rising hastily, not trusting my ears.

Margot nodded soberly, "Yes—they spoke of urgent business," she replied, somewhat dejected and perplexed. "But to-morrow or the day after they will return; except uncle Blunt, he is to stay for some time in London."

Then she rose quickly and turned, listening to the door, which was still open. A noise in the hall frightened her.

"Be still," she whispered, and went on tip-toe to look out. One moment she stood there with her head bent forward, then she came hastily back.

"No one must find me here," she whispered. "*O mon Dieu*, how much I should like to stay longer with you!"

The noise without was repeated. Suddenly I felt her soft lips upon mine, like the breath of a zephyr.

"I will come again," she lisped and slipped away noiselessly, leaving the door open behind her.

I looked after her, not knowing exactly whether it was a dream or a waking reality.

Was that Margot, and was what she said really true?

So they had gone; all had left me; while I was so near dying. O, my God! When sad and thoughtfully I cast down my eyes, I saw a rose lying on the cover of my bed. I took it and eagerly breathed its sweet fragrance. I should have liked to ask the flower about so many and such important things, that passed through my excited mind, that were raging in my heart; but it remained silent! I heard the sister's steps; that smooth, gliding step, which the sick know but too well, and I hid my rose under the pillow.

Two days after, Frau von Ivernois came to see me. She was very kind but very grave. She excused herself for not visiting me in so long a time. I must be convinced that only an urgent duty had kept her from me; she had been traveling. Earnestly and heartily she expressed her pleasure at finding me so much better to-day, with the hope that I should speedily and entirely recover. Yet, though she was very kind and took much pains not to betray herself to me, I perceived but too well, with the fine instinct of a wounded heart, in her looks and the sound of her voice, that the old cordial relation between us was shaken; that everything was no longer as it used to be; an estrangement separated us which cooled her friendliness and made me heavy-hearted. Was it the consciousness of my guilt, the ingratitude from which I could not exculpate myself entirely; the want of confidence in her which I had shown by seeking to win Adda's affection behind her back?

And yet if she had known how firmly determined I had been to leave Dresden, and what a temptation suddenly wrought the change that night! Would I not better confess everything to her now and try to obtain her consent, or, at least, her pardon? Thus I struggled, but I tried in vain to come to a resolution.

O how sunny and bright was the past compared with the present; how different was everything now! Where were the beautiful days when they all thronged to bestow upon me every imaginable kindness and affection; when my room was never without visitors and flowers! Where was Adda, and why had I not the courage to inquire after her? Ah, they forbid even little Margot to see me, and the rose secretly withering under my pillow was the only gift of love that comforted my wounded heart. I sighed, deeply, and Frau von Ivernois seemed to understand the thoughts which troubled me so much.

"You will find many changes in our domestic circle, dear Mr. Wagner," she began, after a prolonged, almost painful silence, while smoothing her dress. "You know, perhaps, that I am quite alone at present; the rest are still traveling."

Her dark, earnest eyes rested for some time inquiringly upon my face. She wished, apparently, to communicate to me, as delicately as possible, something I ought to know, and was eager to see the impression her words would make. When she met my excited look, her eyes, avoiding it, turned intentionally aside. I felt my heart throb with expectation. Had Adda and her mother not returned? Would they not allow her to see me after I had been so near to death? O how I longed for the sight of her? Finally Frau von Ivernois continued:

"Mr. Blunt is still in England, important business demands his presence there. It was hard for him to leave us. He sends his compliments to you, and hopes he shall see you again. My sister is with Adda and her husband in Berlin."

"Her husband!" I exclaimed, turning pale and, notwithstanding my weakness, I raised myself from the pillows.

Frau von Ivernois looked at me quite frightened. Again one of her inquiring glances fell upon me. Then she replied, gravely, almost mildly, and her forehead became deeply flushed:

"Yes, with her husband, dear Mr. Wagner; the Staatsrath, Selnitz, my brother-in-law, is in Berlin. A few days after you fell so very ill here, he arrived there from Scotland. We received a letter informing us that a sudden and severe illness confined him to his bed in one of the Berlin hotels."

I sank back on my pillow with a groan of pain, but my heart was relieved from a heavy weight, and in spite of the suffering my body gave me, I smiled. Frau von Ivernois kindly stroked my wasted hands and went on with her communications.

In consequence of this letter, we started for Berlin, and found the old gentleman seriously sick with a dangerous influenza. How hard it was for me to leave you in your condition at that time; I need not tell you, Mr. Wagner, but there are duties towards relatives from which one cannot withdraw. Believe me, my presence in Berlin was then indispensable. Thank God that I find you convalescent on my return; let us hope now that your sufferings will soon be ended, and that you will regain your former strength. My nursing and my fervent prayers will not be wanting."

She pressed my hand, and warm compassion glistened in her eyes. She was again my kind protectress of old. I murmured my thanks, and then asked timidly how the Frau Rathin and Adda were. A light cloud passed over her face.

"My relatives," she replied, rather coldly, "are still detained in Berlin by the illness of my brother-in-law. I do not expect them before two weeks; and as for the rest, my sister and Adda are very well, and send their kindest regards to you."

Thus another hope was crushed. Adda was still in Berlin—alas! and I was longing for the mere sight of her—for a smile, a word from her.

"Pray, do avoid all excitements," she exhorted me, kindly, insinuating that she knew very well what was passing through my mind.

"First of all, you must regain your usual merry humor—your contentedness of heart. Do take care of yourself, dear Mr. Wagner. You know very well how dear you have become to all of us. Think of your future; of your old mother, who grieves and cares for you!"

I sighed deeply. She nodded at me once more, and left the room.

And I *did* recover. Notwithstanding all my troubles and sorrows, I regained my strength surprisingly quick, and my wound healed. I could leave the bed, and was convalescent. I counted the days, the hours, the minutes till Adda's return, but she came not. Her arrival was postponed from day to day, yet her alluring image hovered like a Fata Morgana on the horizon of my wishes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

CENTENNIAL BISCUITS.—Make good corn mush, just as if you were going to eat it with milk. When it is lukewarm take a quart of it and work in flour enough to make a stiff dough; make into biscuits, put in your bake-pan and set in a warm place over night, bake in a very hot oven, and you have the best and sweetest biscuits you ever ate. Eat while hot for breakfast.

WHITE-WOOL blankets can be washed well by first making a good warm suds with common brown soap, and after rubbing and wringing the blankets well in the suds, rinse well in quite hot water. Rub no soap on the blankets. If left to soak some hours in the warm suds, then add more hot water when ready to wash or rub them, they will wash better and easier for it.

TO CLEAN TEETH.—To clean teeth, use a wash of two ounces of borax dissolved in three pints of water; before quite cold add one tablespoonful of tincture of myrrh and one tablespoonful of spirits of camphor.—One wine-glass full of this added to half a pint of tepid water, is sufficient for each application. This applied daily preserves and beautifies the teeth, extirpates tartarous adhesion, produces a pearl-like whiteness, and induces a healthy action of the gums.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.—One pound beef suet, one pound of bread crumbs, one pound raisins, one pound currants, five tablespoonfuls flour, one lemon grated, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one teaspoonful ginger, two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, half pound of blanched almonds, and two ounces citron, chopped fine. Mix well together, and add one glass of brandy and six eggs, well beaten. It must boil for at least five hours. It may be served with the ordinary sauce, made of butter and sugar.

TO PREVENT GLUE FROM CRACKING.—Glue frequently cracks because of the dryness of the air in rooms warmed by stoves. An Austrian contemporary recommends the addition of a little chloride of calcium to glue to prevent this disagreeable property of cracking. Chloride of calcium is such a deliquescent salt that it attracts enough moisture to prevent the glue from cracking. Glue thus prepared will adhere to glass, metal, &c., and can be used for putting on labels without danger of their dropping off.

STEWED RABBIT.—Wash and soak the rabbit thoroughly, then wipe it quite dry, cut it into joints, roll in flour, and brown it slightly in four or five ounces of butter, with some bits of lean ham; then pour on by degrees one and a half pints of gravy and stew the meat very gently an hour and a half or two hours; add salt if needed. When it has stewed a half an hour or more, put in the rind of a lemon, cut thin, and ten minutes before serving, stir in a large dessert spoonful of rye flour, mix smooth with two tablespoonfuls of mushroom catsup, quarter of a teaspoonful of mace and [illegible] of cayenne.

FRENCH polish for furniture can be made by putting half an ounce of shellac, the same quantity of gum [illegible] and a quarter of an ounce of gum sandrac into a pint of spirits of wine. Put them all together in a stone bottle, near the fire, shaking it very often. As soon as the gums are dissolved it is ready for use. Now make a roller of woolen rags—soft old broadcloth will do nicely—put a little of the polish on it, and also a few drops of linseed oil. Rub the surface to be polished with this, going round and round, over a small space at a time, until it begins to be quite smooth. Then finish by a second rubbing with spirits and more polish, and your furniture will have a brilliant lustre, equal to new.

WOULD it not be wise to substitute more eggs for meat in our daily diet? About one-third of an egg is solid nutriment. There are no bones or tough pieces, that have to be laid aside. A good egg is made up of ten parts shell, sixty parts white, and thirty parts yolk. The white of an egg contains eighty-six per cent. water, the yolk of an egg fifty-two per cent. The average weight of an egg is about two ounces. Practically an egg is animal food, and yet there is none of the disagreeable work of the butcher necessary to obtain it. The vegetarians of England use eggs freely, and many of these men are eighty and ninety years old, and have been remarkably free from illness. Eggs are best when cooked four minutes. This takes away the animal taste, that is offensive to some, but does not so harden the white or yolk so as to make them hard to digest. An egg, if cooked very hard, is difficult of digestion, except by those with stout stomachs. Such eggs should be eaten with bread and masticated very finely. An egg spread on toast is food fit for a king—if kings deserve better than anybody else, which is doubtful. Fried eggs are less wholesome than boiled ones. An egg dropped in hot water is not only a clean and wholesome, but a delicious morsel. Most people spoil their eggs by adding pepper and salt. A little sweet butter is the best dressing. Eggs contain much phosphorus, which is supposed to be useful to those who use their brains much. There is an objection about the common way of boiling eggs which people do not understand, says the Poultry Review. It is this: The white, under three minutes' rapid cooking, becomes tough and indigestible, while the yolk is left soft. When properly cooked, eggs are done evenly through, like any other food. This result may be attained by putting the eggs into a dish with a cover, as a tin pail, and then pouring upon them boiling water, two quarts or more to a dozen eggs, and cover and set them away from the stove for fifteen minutes. The heat of the water cooks the eggs slowly and evenly and sufficiently, and to a jelly-like consistency, leaving the centre or yolk harder than the white, and the egg tastes as much richer and sweeter as a fresh egg is nicer than a stale egg, and no person will want to eat them boiled after having tried this method once.

Wonderful Success of
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
"ORIENTAL CREAM,"
OR
MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.
ITS FAME IS RAPIDLY SPREADING OVER THE COUNTRY.

SEE THE AVALANCHE OF TESTIMONIALS SELECTED FROM THOUSANDS, IN ITS PRAISE.

A FRENCH LADY WRITES.

MONS. GOURAUD: 'Tis but an act of justice that I should spontaneously give you my unqualified testimonial of the united efficacy, innocence, and fragrance of your preparation for purifying and cleansing the skin. By its use every pimple and freckle have vanished from my face. You should, mon ami, as it is so sovereign and charming a remedy for scattering all blemishes from our faces, call it le delice des dames. En un mot, je suis enchante de le cosmetique et j'en vous remercie de tout mon coeur.

EMILLE DESMOULINS, Madison avenue.

THE FOLLOWING IS FROM THE EMINENT TRAGEDIENNE, MRS. D. P. BOWERS.

PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn.

DR. GOURAUD: Will you send six bottles of your ORIENTAL CREAM to the above address, not forgetting to be reasonable in price? Yours truly, MRS. D. P. BOWERS.

FROM THE COUNTESS DE BIERSEI, A LEADING SOCIETY LADY.

ROCHESTER, February 18, 1867.

DR. GOURAUD:
DEAR SIR: Please send me two more bottles of your charming ORIENTAL CREAM by American Express, and oblige,
Yours, respectfully,
COUNTESS DE BIERSEI.

FROM MISS FANNIE STOCKTON, THE PRIMA DONNA OF THE OPERA HOUSE.

BUFFALO, December, 1866.

DR. T. F. GOURAUD: I do not wish to put anything else in contact with my face, so delightful am I with the matchless cosmetic. Please send me ten bottles.

FANNIE STOCKTON.

BANGOR, Maine.

DR. GOURAUD: I have found your CREAM so delicious! It softens and makes the skin so beautiful, it does give me faith in your other preparations. MISS ANNA [illegible].

ST. LOUIS.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD: The CREAM is the nicest for the skin; it is excellent.

MRS. E. CURTIN.

BOSTON.

DR. GOURAUD: Your ORIENTAL CREAM is perfectly delicious; it is so cooling and refreshing. MRS. LAYOR.

FROM EVANS, THE CELEBRATED PERFUMER, OF PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, April 30, 1868.

DR. GOURAUD: I think your CREAM is unquestionably the best thing in this line, for the reason that when a lady once uses it she continues it in preference to anything else. Our customers for it are regular ones. I find it is retailed by the druggists and fancy stores at two dollars a bottle yet. There is more sold here than you are aware of. What is required to insure a large sale is a liberal amount spent in judicious advertising. Let the ladies know its merits, and especially the price, and if they once try it we secure a regular customer. If I was the owner, I would sell more of it in this city than all the rest of the skin preparations put together.

T. W. EVANS.

Prepared and invented by DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 Bond street, N. Y. Established 1839. To be had of all Druggists, &c.

☞ Beware of cheap imitations.

AN ECHO FROM LONDON.
8 MONTPELIER SQUARE, LONDON, S. W., ENGLAND, September 25, 1871.

SIR: Will you kindly inform me whether you have an agent in England where I could procure your "ORIENTAL CREAM" for the complexion? If not will you tell me what would be the smallest number of bottles you could send me from New York; what would be the sum total, carriage free, of such a parcel? and lastly, how could I forward you the required amount? I think you would have a very great sale here. Yours truly,

E. [illegible].

DR. GOURAUD, New York.

A VOICE FROM LONDON, ENGLAND.
38 TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W. C., November 13, 1871.

Le Journal des Modes.

SIR: The fame of your "ORIENTAL" having reached me, I enclose you the value in stamps, and will thank you to forward quickly. Will you be good enough to supply with the price per gross, cash with my name as agent on each bottle. Waiting your reply, I am faithfully yours.

SAMUEL MILLER.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD.

FROM THE GEM OF THE WEST.

A lady friend, with the finest complexion we ever saw, told us that "after reading the advertisement of DR. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM in our publication a year ago, she purchased it, and now she would not be without it for all the gold in Chicago." She further said that "hundreds of friends had tried to discover what she had used, but she had refused to inform them, as she prized it as a secret." We have determined to make the matter public. Let our readers try it. Found at DR. FELIX GOURAUD'S, 48 BOND STREET, New York, and all druggists.

(Quast.)

ENDORSEMENT OF GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM BY THE DISTINGUISHED DR. L. A. SAYRE.

A lady of the haut ton, a patient of Dr. Sayre, discoursing on the use of cosmetics, he remarked to the lady: "You are already aware, Madame, that I am opposed to the use of cosmetics, but as you ladies will use them, I recommend GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL as the least harmless of the skin preparations."

"Praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed."

As making up the face for the stage is one of the most unpleasant features of the business, professionals should welcome any invention which will alleviate the trouble. From practical experience of GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, we can vouch that it is a pleasant, wholesome preparation. To the eye the effect is beautiful, and to the skin delicious. It has solved a question—a question which has been a puzzle for a long time.—*From the Dramatic News.*

DEPOT for DR. GOURAUD'S Preparation is at No. 48 Bond street, New York. For sale by druggists.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.

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Saturday Evening, December 30, 1876.

A TRIAL OF WITS.

$100 IN PRIZES!

For the best original Humorous Article which shall be sent in before the end of March next. The publishers of the SATURDAY EVENING POST will give

A PRIZE OF FIFTY DOLLARS.

For the second best,	Twenty-five	Dollars.	
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The lists are open to all without regard to age, sex, color, or previous condition. Encourage the funny men and women of your vicinity to try their hands.

Subject and style, whether description conversation, incident, essay or otherwise is left to the choice of the writers. Articles in which the fun consists in bad spelling are excluded—true humor needs no such aid.

All articles entered are to be the property of this paper.

The publication of the articles will be commenced as soon as a sufficient number are received, and the premiums awarded at the time specified.

The prizes will be awarded only in case the articles received are considered worthy of publication.

Let us have a collection which shall make people forget troublesome topics and set the nation in a roar.

THE NEW NOVEL.

Many of our readers remember the sensation made by the appearance of "Oliver Twist," the first great work of Charles Dickens, then an unknown author, with the *nom de plume* of "Boz." With the following works from the same pen, a new era in the literature of fiction began. It is too soon to say that the new star lately risen in France, Alphonse Daudet, will attain like celebrity, but *it* is certain that his recent work, which we commence in the present number, now first translated in this country, is *the* novel of the present time. In France it has run through twenty-five editions, has been crowned by the Academy, has been dramatized, and is running before crowded houses, and is shortly to be dramatized for the American stage, in this city and New York.

Competent critics declare that it is the best work of fiction produced in France during the last quarter of a century, and that it will be one of the few books which will not pass out of fashion. Its unique plot, wonderful power, delicate handling of subjects that in the hands of a bungler would shock society, and unsurpassed brilliancy, have taken the French public by storm, and will assure its wide-spread popularity here. Though written in prose form it is filled with the spirit of poetry. An eminent French critic describes the author as "a novelist lined with a poet."

The work is characterized by an earnest sincerity that at once engages the heart of the reader, and gives a charm that no more artistic finish could impart, while its brilliance of imagination and power of description are unsurpassed.

There are now running in the POST, an English, a French, and a German work of fiction, all of the highest class, and a work of rare interest by an American writer will soon be commenced. The world of literature is thus laid under contribution for the benefit of our readers, and we challenge any paper to show a better array of writers. We trust each of our subscribers will kindly speak to their friends of the merits of the POST, and thus favor us with aid in increasing our list.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Before the next number of the POST reaches the reader, the Centennial year will have passed, and 1877 will bring in its freight of events. In advance, we cordially wish the world a HAPPY NEW YEAR! We should be glad if all the world read this paper so that they might know of our good wishes.

The past year has been eventful for this country. We have kept jubilee and won the world's smiles. A most exciting election has been peacefully conducted. Bountiful harvests fill the garners. Hard times have visibly relaxed. What of the future?

The vail is not withdrawn so that we may clearly see events yet to come, but the past throws its light into the future and enables us to perceive the outlines of good to come.

Enough of virtue, wisdom and manliness have been developed to assure us of safe deliverance from what may seem threatening dangers. Darker clouds than are now lowering have discharged their fury, and we have not been overthrown. Let us not lose faith. Patriotism will find the right way through the intricacies of politics. Confidence in our country, its institutions, and its strength, is the duty of the hour.

The POST congratulates itself and its readers on its prospects. Thousands of cheering letters assure us that our efforts to improve it are successful and are appreciated. Its patronage is rapidly increasing. Old friends are coming back in troops, and new ones are recording their names. Their confidence shall not be misplaced. We shall contribute our *might* to make it

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!

POISON AND ITS ANTIDOTE.

Not many years ago the civilized world was shocked at the reported attempt to spread a contagious disease by distributing infected clothing through several cities. The life of a person found guilty of such a crime would justly be forfeited, and the community would say "Amen" to his execution.

A worse criminal has recently been brought to justice. A French teacher, in a New York public school, was found guilty of introducing obscene books among his pupils. He was regularly employed by the publisher for this vile work. Every father and mother will rejoice that he is now serving out a long term of imprisonment for his hideous crime.

The New York *Tribune*, commenting on this subject, very justly says:

> There is just as corrupting an influence daily set before children who pass through the streets on their way to school, which parents appear strangely to ignore. We mean the flash newspapers and cheap novels which are offered for sale to half-grown boys and girls by their venders, or thrust gratuitously into their hands as they pass, with the certainty that they will buy the succeeding numbers. Very few girls and fewer boys, unless they have been forewarned, can resist the tempting dramatic pictures of kneeling women with streaming hair, bravos armed to the teeth, etc., etc. The opening chapters seem harmless enough, and the boy or girl, reared most probably in a refined and Christian home, plunges unchecked into this offal of kitchen literature. These papers and magazines to which we advert would not strictly fall under the prohibition against obscene publications, and so they manage to escape the law, but the views of life they present are those taken from the grogshop and gambling hell; their very atmosphere is crime. A boy who would be simply disgusted by the open vice in publications which the law prohibits, accepts the concealed poison in these without suspicion.

It may be impracticable to suppress such publications by law; it can be done by a practical expression of public opinion—that is by refusing to buy. To accomplish such a reform, better papers must be substituted, works in which the imagination is cultivated with pure literature, for the people will have "stories," and they have a right to them. No form of instruction, of equal influence, has ever been devised.

It is the aim of this paper to supply just such an antidote for poisonous literature, and we look to our readers to aid us in the work by helping to extend the circulation of the POST, which has stood approved before the community for more than half a century.

THE CHURCH, THE NOVEL AND THE THEATRE.

The Church, the Novel and the Theatre, in some form have lived side by side for centuries; sometimes in great harmony, oftener in sharp antagonism. They are all established facts of too long standing to admit of doubt as to their permanence. Their methods may change, but their form and substance will remain, despite the fierce denunciations of the pulpit, or the sharper though less noisy weapons of scoff and sneer with which the stage and the novel retort.

Their perpetuity is assured because each supplies a want which has its spring in the soul of man. Man eagerly seeks to know what he is, and what he may become. It is the hunger which accompanies immortality. Each of these agencies claim to "hold up the mirror to nature" to make man acquainted with himself, and to educate him to what he should be: the church by the mouth of the orator, the novel by the pen of the author, the theatre by presenting the man himself in action, profess to point him to the best, and to exhibit the fruits of virtue and of vice.

In the same measure that either loses sight of this its proper work, it loses power. Neither can rightfully claim to have always fulfilled its proper mission. Fiction and the drama have too often descended to mere amusement, frivolity and licentiousness; the church has arrogated political power and tyrannized over men; but in each case decay accompanies corruption.

It may be a startling proposition, but we believe it true, that the theatre may and ultimately will supplement the church and be a co-worker of which she will gladly avail herself. For the novel is already fast attaining this position. The truth presented abstractly in the pulpit is now brought nearer home by being wrought into the lives of fictitious characters, and teaches thousands whom the pulpit can not reach. The bulk of many Sunday School libraries is made up of stories written to present truth in this attractive form. A long step is taken toward recognizing the power of the theatre in the dramatic exhibitions, everywhere popular in connection with Sunday Schools and young peoples' associations. True they are crude, but they are a step in the right direction. A lesson is never so instructive as when personated. The most popular preachers of the day have learned the value of dramatic action in making their own utterances forceful.

Considering these facts it will be wiser to press these most powerful agencies into their legitimate work of elevating man, rather than contribute to make them vicious by placing them under ban. They will not die out, and they can not be made better by attempts to destroy them.

When right-minded men and women who stand aloof from the theatre shall come forward and give it patronage and demand that it shall be pure, the work will speedily be accomplished, and there are enough noble natures in the dramatic profession to respond to and rejoice in the needed change.

A GOOD IMITATION.—Several years since at the exhibition of the Brooklyn Horticultural society, among other things was shown a remarkably fine collection of fruit, pears, grapes, apples and peaches, beautifully arranged in a large basket. "What splendid wax-work!" exclaimed a visitor. "Not wax-work; they are natural fruit; just smell them," said a bystander. The first visitor applied his nose, sniffed critically and satisfactorily. "Well," said he, "its the best imitation of wax-work I ever saw!"

THE SONG OF THE BROOK.

BY THOMAS ROBERTS

I flow from the mountain,
A crystalline fountain,
Over moss-covered rocks and pebbles I rally,
Over sharp-pointed ledges
Through bull-rush and sedges,
I wind my wild way, through the heath-purpled valley.

Through woodland and meadow
In sunshine and shadow,
I flow through the hamlet, by cottage and hall;
Turning the wheel
Of the village mill,
And the woods resound with my loud waterfall.

Beneath rustic bridges,
By willow-crowned edges,
Where the shade-loving fern on my margin doth grow;
Forever I'm ranging,
Continually changing
I bathe the bright flowers, as onwards I flow.

On my rush-covered brink,
The peasant doth drink,
As I ramble in mirth thro' the wood's leafy hall;
For rich and for poor,
I yield my poor store,
A life-giving bev'rage, freely for all!

WINIFRED'S LESSON.

BY OLIVE BELL.

"I wish I were dead!"

The speaker, a young girl of eighteen, threw herself on the velvet sward beneath a mammoth oak—one of a thousand that skirted a famous trout stream in the uplands of New York State—and tossed her hat into a bed of daffodils.

"Winifred!" cried her companion, in a shocked tone.

"I do," protested Winifred Ramsey, with a petulant toss of her black curls, that were lying on the grass in disorder. "For I'm tired, miserable, and jaded to death, anyway."

"Oh, Winnie, at eighteen!" said Lucia Cranmer, lifting her thoughtful gray eyes to the patches of blue sky, visible through the lace-work of green overhead, with reverential awe. "Life is so sweet, Winifred," she added, thoughtfully, "and you have not a wish ungratified."

"I have'nt?" Winifred looked up sullenly; "you don't know anything about my crosses, Lucia."

"Crosses!" laughed Lucia, "why you spoiled baby, you have not a cross in the world!"

Winifred buried her bright, piquant face in the moss, and cried bitterly.

Lucia Cranmer deliberately picked up her book, and placidly took up the thread of the poem Winifred's wicked wish had abruptly broken off. They had been friends from childhood, and Winifred's fits of rebellion and blues were of daily occurence.

"You are the most hard-hearted wetch living, Lucia," burst out Winifred, drying her blazing black eyes with the corner of a dainty white apron.

"Why?"

"Because you have not a bit of sympathy for me."

"Are you an object of sympathy? You have not a sorrow in the world that I know of, Winifred."

"Every heart has its own bitternes!" was Winifred's reply in a sentimental whine. "I would be a happy mortal if I had not——"

"Had not what, Winifred?"

"Promised to marry that hateful Cyrus Lancaster," groaned Winifred, with a charming pout.

"O, Winnie," in a tone of reproach "you will never regret that."

"I regret it already—I wish I had said no," cried impetuous Winifred.

"What did you say 'yes' for?"

"Because—because papa insisted, and he is so awful rich, and—well, I guess I liked him a sort of a way," confessed Winifred, her dimpled checks as red as peonies, and a mirthful light creeping into her black eyes. But I know I'll jilt him before the summer is over.

"You ungrateful minx. He worships the ground you walk on."

"More fool he!" laughed Winifred, snapping her fingers gleefully. "I do not care that for all the Lancasters in New York State."

"Do not marry him then," said Lucia, gravely. "For a marriage with the love all on one side, is seldom productive of happiness."

"Pooh!" sniffed Winifred, "nobody expects happiness nowadays. I marry Cy Lancaster because he is rich, well-born, and can dress me handsomely. He marries me because papa's name and influence will aid him in politics. Phil Warner would suit me a thousand times better."

"The brainless fop!"

"I like brainless fops. They never bore you with heavy logic. Brilliant scholars like Lancaster always make me feel ashamed of myself," said Winifred, with a provoking inconsistency; for although a gay childish girl, she had an innate love for intellectual pursuits. But being the petted child of wealthy parents, and society in general, she lacked the mental energy to cultivate these latent germs of genius, and contented herself with the dissatisfying pleasures that made up her butterfly existence.

Lucia sat perfectly still with her hands folded loosely on the book she had been reading. Her thoughtful eyes roamed over the brook-veined meadow lands in the quiet valley below, and the sound of sickles and harvester's glee floated to her ears, while the sunshine gilded the golden wheat-shocks, and the swathes of rye looked like yellow billows in the morning's glow.

Life was sweet, and the world full of beauty, thought Lucia, whose fancy had never pictured a pastoral scene as fair as the one before her. She loved nature's wild, yet artistic loveliness, and in her eyes a halo of peace surrounded the shaded farm houses that dotted the fertile fields in the distance. Her heart thrilled with wordless praise, as she gazed on the work of His hands, and she felt thankful that He had created her free from the wicked and rebellious spirit that would have transformed the fairest landscape into a barren desert. She was not blessed as Winifried Ramsey had been blest—she was only a governess, with no prospect of ever being anything better, yet she made the most of His favors, and despised Winifred's grumblings.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" Lucia said, a little sharply. "Any girl with your benefits and prospects would be perfectly content."

"Maybe so—but I'm not," said Winifred, springing suddenly to her feet. "Where's my hat? There goes Will Hamilton after berries."

After a second's ineffectual search after her hat, buried in a clump of yellow daffodils, Winifred dashed down a wooded path, her black curls floating behind her, and her pink gingham skirts spread out like banners on the wind.

Meanwhile, Cyrus Lancaster, Esq., the subject of the above remarks, had been an unobserved listener to the conversation. He lay on the grass, under the drooping boughs of a water willow, too astounded to make his whereabouts known to the girls, or see the huge trout nibbling at his bait.

"I want papa's influence in politics, do I?" said the rising young lawyer, with Senatorial honors in the distance. "Well, I'm glad your motives for accepting me are not faultless."

For if the truth must be told, Mr. Lancaster had been especially anxious to secure Mr. Ramsey's political influence, and had found Winifred a charming stepping-stone into the keen old General's favor. He felt chagrined at Winifred's shrewdness, for the thrust had gone home, and fell to wondering if the feeling he felt for her was not love, but some lighter fancy.

"If Phil. Warner suits her so much better, she may have him," was the concluding thought, as he gathered up his fishing tackle, with a little sigh of regret, for Winifred was so charming and fresh, he loved to watch her bright, piquant face, and listen to her witty sallies. But then they had both been mistaken, and the sooner the farce was over the better, he thought, a little bitterly.

Lucia had disappeared when he emerged from the willows, and, espying Winifred's jaunty hat among the daffodils, he picked it up, and walked slowly down the path.

Almost in sight of the farm house where the party were summering, he encountered Winifred, leaning against a stile, the tips of her dimpled fingers and full lips dyed with berry juice.

Her face was rosy with blushes, and her black eyes drooped guiltily, when Mr. Lancaster placed the hat on her tumbled black curls.

"So you are tired of our engagement, are you Winnifred?" he said, coolly.

"Who told you that?" cried Winifred, with a hot blush—"Lucia?"

"No, not Lucia. But I know it, Winifred, and I am sorry," he went on gravely, suddenly realizing that the love he dreaded might be only fancy, had taken deep root in his heart. "Sorry that you do not love me, Winifred."

"I like you well enough," said Winifred, pulling a late wildrose into atoms.

"We will not attempt to analyze your feelings, Winifred," he sighed, stroking the little hand that lay on the upper bar of the stile. "But I am glad Philip Warner suits you so much better."

"You've been eavesdropping," Winifred cried, her red lip curling scornfully. "There, take your ring!"—she dashed a costly diamond on the ground—"I wouldn't marry you for a kingdom."

She leaped over the stile, and ran across the field, like a schoolgirl.

"The hateful fellow!" she exclaimed, as she reached Lucia's room, half-laughing, "I'll never speak to him again."

"Who?"

"Why Cy Lancaster," snapped Winifred. "I'll let him see General Ramsey's daughter can live without him."

"General Ramsey's daughter does not know her own mind," said placid Lucia, "for she is dead in love with Cy Lancaster, without knowing it."

"I!" in charming surprise. "Lucia you are a goose."

Winifred pouted, and left the room to dress for dinner. And Lucia noticed that Winifred wore Mr. Lancaster's favorite colors, scarlet and black, when she appeared at dinner, and that her daring black eyes had a shy look in their depths, as she glanced at Mr. Lancaster, who looked like a man who was dissecting some knotty subject.

After dinner the gentlemen scattered in various directions, and Winifred, with a restless, discontented look on her face, nestled down under the honeysuckle vines that shaded the porch. The heat was oppressive, and the stirless calm of the August day almost stifled one. For the sun came down in brassy floods, the leaves looked scorched and wilted, and dark ominous clouds floated over the glowing hilltops.

"There is going to be a storm," said farmer Hamilton to his busy wife. "You had better ring the bell and gather all the young folks in."

Mrs. Hamilton rang the bell, just as a startling peal of thunder broke the stillness. One by one the stragglers gathered in, until all but Cyrus Lancaster stood on the porch watching the avalanche of wind and rain, sweeping up the valley.

"Where's Lancaster?" came in frightened whispers from the group, as peal after peal of thunder rent the summer air, and sharp arrows of lightning shot down into the forest, where birds cowered under sheltering boughs with uplifted wings.

"He was under the big white oak when the storm came up," said young Will Hamilton, creeping close to Winifred, who stood in the hall, as motionless as a statue.

Trees were uprooted like reeds, and some one cried out:

"The white oak's gone. Lancaster will be crushed to atoms."

No one had presence of mind enough to stop the flying figure that rushed out into the storm, and was soon lost to sight among the swaying trees, that surged in the fierce wind like saplings.

There was no fear in Winifred Ramsey's heart—for she was the daughter of a brave soldier—as she sped through the forest. Nothing but dread, pain unspeakable, for one whose dead face might even now be upturned to the wild sky.

"Cyrus!" she cried once or twice, but her voice was lost in the tumult of the elements, and she never spoke again until she crept through the boughs of the shattered white oak, and knelt beside Cyrus Lancaster, who lay on the grass so white and still, Winifred thought he must be dead.

"Oh, Cy, Cy!" she moaned, taking his head in her lap, and smoothing the wet brown hair. "I did love you; and now you're dead—gone from me forever."

Imagine Mr. Lancaster's surprise when he opened his eyes and found himself and a weeping Niobe, half-buried in the dripping branches of the white oak.

"Winifred," was his startled cry, "what brought you out in the storm?"

"They—they—said you were smashed to atoms," sobbed Winifred.

"What was that to you, Winnie? I'm sure you only wanted to marry me for my money," said Lancaster, crawling up to a sitting posture, and putting his arm around Winifred, whose courage had vanished like a flash.

"Oh, Cy, the storm is perfectly awful," cried she, hiding her face in his bosom. "Let us go home."

"We are safe enough here, Winnie. The storm will be over in a few moments."

What passed after that it is not necessary to relate. But the storm that had darkened Winnie's courtship vanished as quickly as the summer hurricane, that wrought so much ruin.

Winifred held white oaks in especial reverence after that.

"For," she said to Lucia, "if that old tree had not blown down and stunned Cy, I might have gone on thinking I did not love him. It opened my eyes, Lucia, and taught me a lesson."

Lucia heard no more murmurings.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT.

AN EXCEEDINGLY TRUE GHOST STORY.

It was about eleven o'clock at night.

Nellie and I were sitting by the bow window in our drawing-room, which she had thrown wide open. The day had been most oppressively hot, but now a faint breeze was coming in from the sea, most refreshingly welcome after the sultry stifling heat of the day.

It was quite dark, that soft velvety darkness that belongs only to a perfectly moonless, starless night.

Just down below our window lay the yard or two of garden, then the long straight line of the promenade, with its asphalt walk and drive dimly defined by the shadowy row of white posts connected by ornamental chains. Beyond the embankment lay the wide desolate waste of sands, stretching away for miles and miles on either hand.

The tide was far out, so far, that only a sort of pale-gray gleam on the horizon showed where the sea was just beginning to creep over the shoals and sandbanks off the Southport coast. Seven miles away to the right, across the estuary of the Ribble the steady light from the Lytham lighthouse kept vigilant watch and ward over the dangerous Horse bank, that treacherous, dangerous shoal on which many a good ship has gone to its doom of shipwreck and death.

Nellie was leaning out of the window, her elbow on the sill, her eyes fixed on the misty soft darkness outside. It was as dark inside as out; we had no thought of lighting the gas that long summer evening.

"How still it is!" she said dreamily. "What a spell of solemn silence the night lays on everything."

As if to contradict her words, a faint sound like a far-off voice seemed suddenly to rise from the sands below, and swept by with a prolonged mournful cry.

"What is that?" she asked startled.

"Some one calling down the on sands," I said. "The intense stillness carries the sound a great distance to-night."

"I heard such a wild legend this morning," she went on presently, "connected with those great deserts of sand that stretch over towards Lytham. Old Joe the boatman, says they are haunted by a phantom voice."

"How thrilling!" I remarked sceptically. "What does it say?"

"Don't scoff, Jean," said Nellie, a little vexedly. "It is a most pathetic, dreadful legend. Years ago, before there was a town here at all, people used to cross the sands between here and Lytham on horseback. One stormy evening a traveler had crossed as usual, and had almost reached the shore, when suddenly a bright light appeared, hovered for a moment over a spot a yard or two away, and then vanished. At the same moment a piteous, unearthly cry echoed all around. The horse became wild with terror, and broke loose, throwing his rider to the ground. When he recovered himself, he found, lying on the ground at his feet, the body of a beautiful young girl. She was quite dead, with a ghastly wound in her side, from which the blood had flowed all over her white dress.

"The traveler staggered away to the nearest house, got assistance, and had the girl's body laid in an upper room.

"That night an awful storm arose. A ship was wrecked on the Horse bank, and only one man, the captain, saved. He was taken to the same house where the traveler had already found shelter, and, by some mistake, was put into the room where the murdered girl was lying. At the sight of her he gave an appalling shriek, and fell down senseless. When he revived, he was questioned, and confessed that the beautiful young girl was his wife, whom in a moment of rage and jealousy he had stabbed to the heart, and cast into the sea. And the sea had given up her dead, and the waves had cast him on shore, and the murderer and his victim were face to face. And now they say the voice of the murdered girl haunts the place where she was found. It seems to rise from the sands and goes echoing and wailing along, calling, calling, as if in mortal agony. The old boatman says people have followed it, believing some one was in peril, and have been lured on and on, till the tide has overtaken them, and they were drowned."

"What a horrible tale!" I said, with a shudder "I wish you had not told it to me."

"And he says," went on Nellie, unheeding my remark, "that whoever hears the voice is in risk of great peril or danger, or some kind of sorrow or trouble is about to happen to him."

Nellie's voice had unconsciously taken a tone of awe. The still sombre darkness, the midnight hour, and weird melancholy legend had infected us both with an undefined sensation of oppression and fear, a presentiment of dread and evil.

We kept our places by the window, looking out into the deep velvety darkness, with the far-away solitary light from the lighthouse gleaming like a red spark.

Suddenly, while we sat, the sound of a voice rose up again from the lonely sands, a moaning piteous voice, wailing and imploring as if in unutterable distress. It seemed to mingle with the boom of the distant sea, now rising, now falling, a lonely desolate wail, thrilling through the darkness like a soul in mortal agony. It was dying away in the distance, in a low faint sob, when Nellie suddenly sprang back into the room.

"O Jean, look!" she cried. "Look, the phantom light!"

I leaned out of the window, and gazed out along the promenade. Flashing through the sombre darkness like a great star was a brilliant, beautiful light. It came rapidly towards us from the right, apparently floating in air, and illuminating the space before it for several yards. It advanced very swiftly with a steady forward motion, floating along about a yard from the ground. As it came nearer, we perceived, looming dimly behind it, a giant shadow, weird and grotesque, with outspread wings and misty undefined form, while a sharp rustling, whirring sound accompanied its progress.

As the phantom approached, the desolate moaning rose again from the sands, and swept along in low shuddering cries, dying away sad and piteous as before. With the last faint sound, the light leaped up for one second into intense brilliancy and disappeared.

"O!" cried Nellie fearfully. "What is it, Jean?"

"I don't know," I replied, a feeling of unaccountable dread and horror taking hold of me. The very demon of fear seemed to possess my senses, an icy grasp of terror laid hold of my heart.

The air outside seemed to have become suddenly clammy and cold, a chilly eerie wind crept in at the window. The very darkness seemed filled with shapes, hideous and impalpable, at which I dared not look, lest they should take form before my eyes.

"There it is again!" shudered Nellie.

And with unutterable dread we saw the brilliant star-like light again floating towards us, this time from the right hand.

It came on swiftly, with the impalpable, fantastic shadow in the air above it, and when exactly opposite, vanished.

We sat paralysed with terror, not daring to move, a horrible benumbing terror seizing our hearts.

This phenomenon happened several times. The light alternately appearing from the right and left, and always vanishing when exactly opposite to us, and always accompanied by the moaning voice.

The blank darkness and utter silence were appalling; they might almost be felt, so thick and oppressive were they to the senses.

We kept our seats by the window, every nerve sharpened, every sense strained to unnatural tension.

Again the low wailing sounds from the sands, profoundly melancholy, inexpressibly mournful, like nothing akin to humanity. No words were uttered, but the agony of the tones was like a voice from the grave.

"Jean, Jean, here it is again!" cried Nellie, cowering in my arms.

And once more the brilliant phantom light appeared. This time it came on more slowly, glancing to and fro unsteadily, while the shadowy form behind it seemed more grotesque and misty than ever.

"O Jean, if it is true! If it comes to foretell some loss, some trouble!" sobbed Nellie, in tears.

"Hush, hush, dear!" I tried to say reassuringly. It cannot be. Sorrow may come to us if God wills it, but not through—"

"I say, old fellow," shouted a voice down below in the darkness. "You'll frighten somebody into fits with that lantern dodge of yours. You and your confounded bicycle look like some horrible ghostly spectre, flitting along in the dark. You gave me a precious start, I can tell you."

Nellie and I jumped to our feet, and gazed incredulously out of the window.

Down below in the road, a yard or two to the right, the phantom light stood stationary at last. In the glare before it a young fellow was standing, while behind loomed the fantastic mysterious shadow robbed of all its terrors in a moment.

"Isn't it a stunning dodge?" said the shadow, in a most unghostly slang. "You see, Jack, this asphalt's first rate to practice on, but a fellow has no chance in the day-time for those confounded carriages; so I rigged out this dark lantern, and fastened it to my bicycle and I can spin along in peace now."

"Take care you don't spin away the wits of all the old maids on the promenade," returned the other. "You look most horribly like some goblin from the lower regions, with your dark lantern flashing in front, these noiseless wheels and your long legs and arms spread out like great wings behind."

The other laughed.

"The old maids are all fast asleep long ago, bless their old eyes!" he returned irreverently. "But I say, Jack, the match for the four oars will have to be put off to-morrow; we are going to have an awful storm. Listen! how the wind sighs and moans among the girders of the pier! It sounds for all the world like some one calling out in distress, and it's a sure sign of rough weather. What a rage Gregory will be in if—"

The two old maids had heard quite enough. Nelly and I looked at each other rather sheepishly, it must be confessed, and then burst into a hearty laugh.

AN ANECDOTE OF GENERAL JACKSON.

When General Jackson was a candidate for the Presidency in 1828, not only did the party opposed to him abuse him for his public acts, which if unconstitutional or violent, were a legitimate subject of reprobation, but they defamed the character of his wife. On one occasion a newspaper in Nashville was laid upon the General's table. He glanced over it, and his eyes fell upon an article in which the character of Mrs. Jackson was violently assailed. So soon as he read it he sent for his trusty old servant Dunwoodie.

"Saddle my horse," said he to him in a whisper, "and put my holsters on him." Mrs. Jackson watched him, and though she heard not a word, she thought she saw mischief in his eyes. The General went out after a few moments, when she took up the paper and understood everything. She ran out to the south gate of the yard of the Hermitage, by which the General would have to pass. She had not been there more than a few seconds before the General rode up with a countenance of a madman. She placed herself before his horse, and cried out:

"O, General, don't go to Nashville! Let that poor editor live. Let that poor editor live." "Let me alone!" he replied; "how came you to know what I am going for?" She answered: "I saw it all in this paper after you went out; put up your horse and go back." He replied furiously: "But I will go—get out of my way!" Instead of doing this she grasped his bridle with both hands. He cried to her: "I say let go my horse; I'll have his heart's blood—the villain that reviles my wife shall not live."

She grasped the reins but the tighter, and began to expostulate with him, saying that she was the one who ought to be angry, but that she forgave her persecutors from the bottom of her heart, and prayed for them—that he should forgive, if he had hoped to be forgiven. At last, by her reasoning, her entreaties and tears, she so worked upon her husband that he seemed mollified to a certain extent. She wound up by saying: "No, General, you shall not take the life of even my reviler—you dare not do it, for it is written: 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord!'"

The iron-nerved hero gave way before the earnest pleading of his beloved wife, and replied: "I yield to you; but had it not been for you, and the words of the Almighty, the wretch should not have lived an hour."

NEVER GO BACK.—What you attempt do with all your strength. Determination is omnipotent. If the prospect be somewhat darkened, put the fire of resolution to your soul, and kindle a flame that nothing but death can extinguish.

A MEMORY.

BY EMMA R. SNYDER.

The stealthy moonbeams glimmer on the pane,
And cast their silv'ry lengths upon the floor;
The summer wind has ceased its frolicking,
And 'mid the silence mem'ries of the yore

Come, gliding, phantom-like, from out the lone,
And sorrow-darkened chambers of the heart,
Each in its own peculiar tone doth chant
Dirges so sad, which cause the tears to start.

The tears, which in their stony depths have lain
Since that sad eve, when, her hand in mine,
She said good-bye, and drifted out upon
That mystic sea, which laves the shore of time.

'Twas long ago; but yet, at eventide,
And, mostly, when the winds are low and still,
Again I see my darling's pensive face,
And list her voice come singing down the hill,

To where I stand, beneath our trysting tree;
At its gnarled root two lover brooklets meet;
The stars bend, one by one, from out the sky,
So like her eyes yet never half so sweet.

Methinks that in the time when she was formed,
Some angel in mistake her earthly eyes
Received, while she unknown the seraph's had,
Thus looked on earth with eyes of Paradise.

Thus in my dreamings on the "Heavenly Hills"
I see her stand, a harp clasped in her hands;
Its golden strains drift on the dreamful air
Perfumed by flowers, unknown to other lands.

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,
Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 26, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XLII.

THE ODOR OF ROSEMARY.

Thursday morning brought another letter from Penmoyle, in the same handwriting as the last, but directed to Judith instead of to Joshua.

Miss Haggard broke the seal with a slight tremor, while Naomi waited full of anxiety. Why had her father not written?

Chestnut Cottage, Penmoyle,
Cornwall, June 26th.

DEAR MISS HAGGARD—I hope you will pardon the above familiarity, but although we have not had the pleasure of meeting, you can be no stranger to one who loves and reveres your brother as I do.

I deeply regret to inform you that Mr. Haggard now lies in a sadly precarious state. Indeed, our doctor and another gentleman, summoned at his advice from Penzance, entertain little hope of his recovery. The shock caused by his wife's death, which took place prior to his arrival, caused an apoplectic stroke. He recovered consciousness after several hours, but has never been quite right in his mind since the seizure.

Feeling assured that you and the rest of his family would desire to be with him at such a time I hasten to communicate the sad state of affairs, and beg you to make whatever use you please of our small abode. It is entirely at your disposal, and my elder sister and self will consider it a privilege to do all in our power to ameliorate your sorrow by such attentions as sympathetic hearts can offer. Our poor Cynthia's funeral takes place to-day. It is perhaps a blessing that in your suffering brother's state of mind he is scarcely conscious of passing events.

Awaiting your speedy arrival, I remain, dear Miss Haggard, your obedient servant,
PRISCILLA WEBLING.

Before she had read half this letter, Judith Haggard gave a shriek of horrified surprise, and her niece looked over her shoulder and read it with her. The two women stood side by side, devouring the lines with white agonized eyes, each in her own way feeling that this sorrow was the death-blow to all hope. James was in the shop, busy, happy, ignorant of this evil. He was whistling the last popular melody as he went about his work. How awful it seemed to hear him!

Naomi's grief found no outlet in tears or sobs or passionate speech. She stood with the letter in her hand her lips trembling.

"The coach, aunt, the coach!" she gasped. "Is it too late?"

"Gone half an hour, child. We must have a postshay. Jim!"

The shrill voice ran through house and shop and Jim appeared with a scared face at the parlor door.

"What's the matter, aunt?"

"Your father's dying, and we're going to him. Get us a postshay."

Jim looked from one to the other in awful wonder. Naomi tried to speak, and, failing, gave him Priscilla's letter.

"What!" he cried, hurriedly reading, "the poor little stepmother dead and buried! Has the world come to an end?"

"You unfeeling boy!" exclaimed Judith. "To think of anybody else when your father's in such a state!"

"Father will come round again, please God; but poor little Cynthia—buried yesterday—so young and pretty! Isn't it dreadful?"

"Go for a chaise, Jim, for pity's sake!" cried Naomi. "Father may die while you stand wondering there. Oh, let me go to him! let me go! let me keep him back from death!"

James ran across to The First and Last, the only place in Combhollow where post-horses were to be had. There was a burst of sympathy from the stout landlord when he heard Jim's news. The chaise should be ready in ten minutes—the best horses in his stable.

It was half an hour before the chaise was at the door, despite the landlord's promises. Naomi and her aunt had put on their bonnets and packed a few necessaries in a carpetbag, and had been waiting in the parlor ever so long, as it seemed to them, before an ancient yellow-bodied chariot, like that which had brought Joshua's young bride to Combhollow, pulled up before the garden-gate.

"You'll stay at home, and mind the business till I can come back, Jim," said Judith.

"I'd rather go to poor father; but perhaps it's best so," answered Jim. "But if he should be very bad, if there's no chance of his getting over it, you'll send for me, aunt. I should like to see him before——"

A sob strangled the young man's speech, and he went back to the house, leaving them to get into the carriage unassisted. Some one was at Naomi's side before she could mount the steps. It was Captain Pentreath, breathless with running.

"Naomi, I have just heard your sorrow," he said, gently. "One of our men told me as I came across the meadow. Dear sister, let me go with you. Let me go with you, Miss Haggard," he added, pleadingly, to Judith. "I should like to go—to be of service to you, if I can—to ask your brother's pardon for my violence the other night."

"You'd need be sorry for that, I think!" answered Judith. "What's the good of your coming? He'll want to see his blood-relations, poor dear—that's natural; but it can't give him much pleasure to see you."

"I may be of use to you on the journey. Let me come, Miss Haggard. Two unprotected women, anxious, agitated as you are, ought not to undertake such a journey. These postboys are such ruffians. I shall be able to prevent loss of time, to insure you civil treatment."

Judith relented a little. Postboys were an exacting and difficult race—greedy of gain, capable of abandoning their helpless fare upon a lonesome highway, or of colleaguing with highwaymen for a defenseless traveler's spoliation. Perhaps Judith, though strong-minded enough at home, where every one trembled at her voice, felt that she should be a weak vessel abroad. She had never traveled farther than Barnstable in her life; and to go alone into the wilds of bleak and barren Cornwall—the very stronghold of witchcraft—a place where half the people were savage miners, and the other half wreckers and smugglers; and to be benighted, perhaps, on a moor where the Druids sacrificed human beings before the days of King Arthur!

The terrors were too much for Judith. The proffered escort of a courageous young man, open-handed and ready to make use of his purse for the gratification of the postboys, was not to be despised. He had brought a false charge against Joshua in an hour of temporary madness; but he had repented, and this act of to-day was a confession of his past folly. All Combhollow would know of it, and see how baseless he now felt his ideas of Joshua's guilt to have been. Judith gave way, but maintained her dignity even in the moment of concession.

"It matters very little to me whether you come or stay," she said. "My mind's too full of my poor brother to care about anything else. But Naomi may be glad of your company on the dark road—girls are so timid."

"Indeed, aunt, I am not frightened," exclaimed Naomi.

"I am coming with you," said Arnold, decisively.

There was a seat at the back of the vehicle, a kind of rumble, and into this he mounted, after dispatching a small boy to the Grange with a message for Nicholas, the butler, who was to send his master's valise on to Truro by the evening coach. Arnold would not ask so much as five minutes' delay, lest Judith should change her mind and decline his company. So the postboy smacked his whip, and the chaise went rattling through the long village street, to the delight of the inhabitants, who flocked out of their dwellings to witness the unwonted spectacle.

A long journey at any time; a weary one for aching hearts. Naomi looked out of the carriage-window with dull eyes that roamed over hill and valley, wood and winding stream, and saw no comfort anywhere. Was the journey never to be over? she wondered, as the slow hours rolled on. Was there never to be an end of those green hedge-rows, and tangled honeysuckles, and clambering dog roses, and dusty wayside ferns and sudden hollows, and jutting walls of hill?—these perpetual hills at the foot of which the travelers descended, to walk in mournful silence to the top, where all the glory of the valley below could not move Naomi's cold lips to a smile of gladness.

Arnold made no attempt at consolation. He entreated his companion to hope for the best, and after that made no further allusion to their grief. He talked to them very little, only showing himself anxious for their comfort and repose. He saved them all trouble about post-boys, or any of the details of their journey. They had nothing to do but be patient, and wait till darkness came and the end. Even to eyes accustomed to the rustic seclusion of Combhollow, Penmoyle looked a curious out-of-the-world place, as the post-chase drove into the wide village street, after sunset on that June evening. Lights twinkled feebly in two or three casements, wide apart and rare, as if the majority had gone to roost at curfew. There was one light much brighter than the rest, which seemed to Naomi to shine like a star. Some instinct of her heart told her that it was the candle in her father's sick-room.

"There!" she cried, putting her head out of the window, and calling to the post-boy; "stop there!"

But Arnold had made his inquiries at the beginning of the village, and the boy was already pulling up his horses. That lighted casement belonged to Chestnut Cottage. The approach of the carriage had been heard within, and Deborah's stiff curls were waning at the door, as she came out to receive her guests.

"Oh, dear Miss Haggard! oh, dear Miss Naomi!" she gasped, "thank God you are come!"

"Not too late!" cried Naomi, going into the house; "not too late!"

"No, dear young lady, praised be heaven! He has asked for you so often."

"Take me to him, please—at once."

"But you ought to be prepared for the change——"

"God will give me strength when his dear head is on my breast. Father, I am coming!" she cried, as if her voice would carry new strength and new life to the sick man.

She went upstairs as quickly as if she had known the corkscrew staircase all her life. The door of her father's room was open; the window opened wide to the summer night. The old-fashioned tent-bedstead, with its dimity festooning and netted fringe, faced the door.

Who was it lying there, still as a stone figure, with a white, strange face and dark, cavernous eyes—a face Naomi had never seen before? For a moment her heart failed, and she shrunk away a step or two, as from something more awful than death. Was this her father?

Yes; the hollow eyes lighted up at sight of her, the livid lips moved tremulously, and then murmured, "Naomi!"

In the next instant she was on her knees beside his bed, clasping the heavy hands, crying over him, kissing him with those passionate, despairing kisses life gives to death.

"Dearest, I have come to nurse you, to bring you back to life. God will help me. I have been praying for you all through our long journey. Father, you will get well for my sake."

"I am dying, Naomi. The doctor and my old friend Martin have both told me so. Do not cry, dear; I am suffering so little. The passage is made very easy for me. And I have an infinite, inextinguishable faith in my Redeemer's love. I go to him without fear. He has loosed me from the burden of my sin. Yes, Naomi, it is no idle boast. I feel and know that I am forgiven. My punishment has been awarded here. My broken heart has reconciled me with my God."

"You shall not die!" said Naomi. "God cannot be so cruel as to part us now, when there is no cloud between us any more, when I can love you and honor you as I did in my childhood. Father, you will live for my sake."

"No, dear, I have done with my earthly life. God sent his stroke in mercy when I came into this house and found my darling dead. Oh, Naomi, my latter days have been full of sin! I have been the slave of passion. And yet I might have been so happy! I can see her still—sitting in the sunshine—hair like spun gold—so helpless and lovely, so ignorant of good and evil, like Eve when God gave her to Adam."

His mind wandered a little after this. All through the night he lay in the same attitude, a corpse-like figure, a soul hovering between life and death. Naomi never stirred from her seat beside his pillow, save to kneel and pray. Judith and Priscilla sat a little way aloof, watching the two, only coming nearer at intervals to moisten the sick man's lips, with a feather dipped in brandy.

About an hour after day-break, Arnold, who had spent the night in the parlor below, came slowly up the stair, and stood on the threshold. Joshua had been lying a long time with his eyes closed, breathing heavily, and his watchers had supposed him sleeping; but at the sound of Arnold's cautious footfall he opened his eyes, and those restless hands of his fastened with a nervous grasp upon the coverlet.

"Is that Captain Pentreath?" he asked his daughter.

"Yes, dear father."

"Let the others go away," looking dimly round at the two women; "I want to be alone with you and him."

Priscilla and Judith left the room, full of wonder.

"You got my letter?" he said.

"Yes, Mr. Haggard; and I am here to ask your forgiveness for the accusation I brought against you. When I found my poor brother in his secret grave, I believed him the victim of a murderer. I am willing now to believe that he was the victim of his own folly, and that he willingly staked his life against Joshua was silent. Some kind of struggle—whether bodily or mental, those who watched him could not tell—was racking him. His nether lip worked convulsively; the veins stood up darkly purple from the broad, strong brow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEWS NOTES.

THERE is a pause in the export demand for grain.

MICHIGAN has raised an abundant crop of buckwheat.

"NO SEAT, NO FARE," is the sensible rule on Indiana railroads.

QUINCY, Ill., expects to put up over 100,000 tons of ice this winter.

THE New York Produce Exchange is about putting up a new building.

THE State Grange of Michigan has just been in session at Lansing.

THE village of Arcade, Wyoming county, is having an oil excitement.

THE enrolling clerk of the Colorado House of Representatives is a woman.

A BOSTON firm is reported to have made $1,000,000 on the recent advance in sugar.

THERE are said to be 44,000 idle workmen in New York.

BERKSHIRE, Mass., is suffering from a water famine.

ALABAMA is contributing largely to the stream of emigrants now pouring into Texas.

DULL times are prevailing among the Paterson, N. J., silk manufacturers.

FIFTY thousand Mennonites are reported to be about leaving Russia for America.

SEVEN cases of silk worm's eggs, valued at about $3,000,000, passed through Omaha, Nebraska, recently.

LUMBER cutting has been begun in the immense forests of California, and a large increase of wealth in that State from this source is expected.

TURKEY is vigorously pressing warlike preparations. There is great activity at the arsenals, and troops are marching to the Danubian and Asiatic frontiers.

LUMBERMEN are making preparations for a grand onslaught upon the forests of the Adirondack region in New York, this winter. This is unpleasant intelligence for sportsmen and pleasure seekers, who unanimously cry, "Woodman, spare that tree."

THE worship of Buddha is slowly but surely losing ground in Japan. Last year, in a single district, seventy-one Buddhist temples were converted into dwellings, and during the past six years no less than six hundred have, in the same district, met with a similar fate.

THE Managers of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers have been in session at Washington for several days past. The reports show a larger attendance at the four Homes than at any time since their establishment ten years ago, the total number being 5,339. There is still room, however, for any other deserving soldier, disabled in the service, who may need relief.

MERCHANTS from the interior of Mexico, who recently arrived in New Orleans, confirm the news of the capture of Lerdo, execution of Escobedo, and occupation of the City of Mexico by General Diaz. Iglesias, who is in Leon, ordered Diaz to proclaim his (Iglesias) Presidency. This Diaz declined to do, unless he could name four members of the Cabinet. Iglesias refused, whereupon Diaz proclaimed himself Provisional President, and a new struggle is impending.

MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT'S marriage, which was so extensively announced last spring, is probably definitely given up, the breach between himself and his fiancee having been, however, altogether amicable, and the result of a firm conviction on the part of Mr. Bennett that he is not fitted for the married state. Whatever presents Mr. Bennett gave Miss May, and they were numerous, have been retained by her at his desire.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI is believed to have left about 30,000,000 francs, 10,000,000 francs of which, it is said, is invested in England. This colossal fortune, it is said, will be divided equally among his brother, Count Angelo Antonelli, and three other members of his family. He has left his valuable and unique collection of precious stones and rare marbles to the Vatican Museum. He inherited much wealth from two uncles. His salary as Cardinal Secretary of State, was, it is reported, only $2,500 a year. It is mentioned as one of his admirable traits that, even when most overwhelmed with business and the cares of state, he never omitted, for a single day, to visit his mother, for whom he entertained the most filial affection.

DR. HENRY SCHLIEMANN, the devoted explorer, has made a great discovery on the site of the ancient town of Mycenea. He has there found the tombs of Agamemnon, Cassandra, Eurymedon, and their companions, who were killed, while at a banquet, by Clytemnestra, the wife of Agamemnon and her lover Ægisthus. This tomb is mentioned by Pausanius as being still extant in his time, about the beginning of the Christian era. In a letter to King George, of Greece, announcing his discovery, Dr. Schliemann says: "These tombs are surrounded by a double parallel circle, with tablets undoubtedly erected in honor of the victims. In these tombs I have found immense archeological treasures, and numbers of articles of pure gold. The treasure alone is sufficient to fill a large museum, and the most splendid in the world.

PLEASANT WORDS.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published in Philadelphia, is one of the finest literary publications in America, and in fact has no superior in the world.—*Journal*, Quincy, Fla.

IF you wish to be well posted, thoroughly posted on all subjects, you should post a postal card to the SATURDAY EVENING POST. This handsome sheet, tho' yet in youth (*only fifty-five years*) gives promise of a bright future when it shall have reached its maturity.—*Gazette*, Gainesville, Mo.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest, and in our estimation, the best literary paper extant. It is a large eight-page paper, printed with clear type, and is filled to the brim with the choicest and most entertaining reading matter. Every family should have it.—*Independent*, Benton, Pa.

IT may be that some of our friends may want to take some good literary paper next year. If so, we do not know that they can do better than to take the Philadelphia SATURDAY EVENING POST. We have been a reader of the POST for several years, and regard it as an excellent paper.—*Republican*, Ozark, Mo.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, a weekly journal, published at No. 726 Sansom street, Philadelphia, by Bennet & Fitch, is the oldest and best literary and family paper published in America. Its stories are of a pure nature and not of the sensational character that prevails in too many of our literary journals.—*Chronicle*, Assumption, La.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. We direct attention to this old family paper. Its tone is greatly above the trashy sentimentalism of the literature of the day, and as a promoter of a healthy literary morality in the household it stands at the head, as it has done for more than half a century, of American literary journals.—*Old Commonwealth*, Harrisonburgh, Va.

A GOOD PAPER.—Some time since the Philadelphia SATURDAY EVENING POST changed hands, and since then has fast grown in popular favor throughout the country. Always a No. 1 literary paper, it is to-day better than ever before, and there are very few, if any, better fireside papers published. It comes to hand every week brimful of the very choicest literary morsels. In the way of Biography, select and well written stories by some of the best authors, poetry, receipts, items of interest, choice editorials, etc., etc., it surpasses all rivals. The new proprietors, Messrs. Bennet & Fitch, evidently understand how to make a good and interesting paper—one that should be in every family during these long winter evenings.—*Freeman*, Hamilton, Iowa.

THE LOST RING.

A young married lady came with her husband to pay a visit to friends who lived in the country, very close to a small rural village. There were little children at home; and on the day preceding her return, the lady went to the village shop to purchase some trifling gifts for the juveniles. She took off her glove to get the silver from her purse; and as the day was warm, and the distance she had to return very short, she did not put the glove on again, but carried it back in her hand. When she reached the house she sat down and exhibited her purchases to her husband and friends. Suddenly she started and exclaimed: "O my ring! I've lost my diamond ring!" On the third finger of her right hand she had worn a valuable diamond ring. It was too wide for her, and she frequently intended to have its size reduced; but this precaution had hitherto been neglected, and she did not ordinarily wear it, from the dread of the misfortune that had now occurred.

Every one was immediately on the alert. The village was small; perfect honesty prevalent among its inhabitants, and there had been no one in the shop when the lady was there, and only one or two of the villagers since, who had not been observed to pick up anything. The floor of the shop was thoroughly searched in every corner; the room where the lady had been sitting and also her bed-room were closely examined! but nothing could be seen of the ring. As she was positive that it had been on her hand just before she went out, for she distinctly remembered twirling it round and round with her fingers, a band of the village children was collected, arranged in a row, and desired to search the ground of the short avenue and the road to the shop as minutely as possible; proper remuneration being promised, and a tempting reward held out to the finder of the ring. They did their work very diligently; but it was all in vain. No trace of the ring was to be seen, and the lady reluctantly admitted that she had brought the mischance entirely on herself, by neglecting the trifling alteration that would have prevented it.

Many months passed away. The friends whom the lady had been visiting had gone from home for a time; and in their absence the servants gave the house a thorough cleaning from top to bottom. They came to the library, the room usually occupied in the morning, and which was almost entirely surrounded by book-shelves, filled with the works of ancient and modern authors. Shelf after shelf was cleared of its contents; and in the course of operations they came to one containing a collection of antique volumes, rare from their choice binding and from the nature of their contents, subjects eschewed by the ordinary class of novel-readers or students of light literature. As one of those heavy volumes was gently removed something fell from it and rolled to the back of the shelf. One of the servants stooped down to see what it was, and the next moment triumphantly displayed in her hand the long-lost diamond ring!

It transpired afterwards that just before she went to the village shop the lady had taken out several of the massive volumes we have mentioned, to make a nearer inspection of them. When finished, she replaced them in the shelves; and at that time the too wide ring must have fallen unperceived from her finger, and rested on the top of the book, which had not been touched from that day till the one on which it was so unexpectedly discovered.

WHAT pleasure like that of giving! There would be no rich men if they were capable of feeling the ineffable pleasure.

HE is a great simpleton who imagines that the chief power of wealth is to supply wants. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it creates more wants than it supplies.

HAPPINESS AND WISDOM.—The difference between happiness and wisdom is, that the man who thinks himself most happy is so, while he who thinks himself most wise is generally the reverse.

MERCENARY MARRIAGE.—They who, when about to marry, seek their happiness in the mere gaining of fortune and personal beauty, evince a heartless disposition, and their folly is often punished in their success.

SATURDAY EVENING POST CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

GOOD BOOKS, WHICH ALL MAY READ, Without Outlay of Money.

The list of books given below comprises works by some of the best known standard authors, which every person of a moderate degree of literary culture will desire to read.

It is only the beginning of our Library for the benefit of subscribers to this paper. Other works are to be added from time to time, as the encouragement given shall warrant, until it embraces a complete collection of the books the people want to read.

OUR OFFER.

The following is our offer, bringing the privilege within the reach of every one who will take a little pains:

To every person who will send us the names of four subscribers to the SATURDAY EVENING POST, for one year, with the subscription price, $2 each, we will give the reading of any ten volumes he may select from our library, as published below, during the year.

The list of books wanted, selected from our list below, is to be sent at the time of forwarding the subscriptions. We will send the books, one at a time, post-paid, by mail, and allow one month for the perusal of each, at the end of which time it is to be returned to us for the benefit of others, and another one forwarded in its place. To buy these books would cost you from $12 to $15.

ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIBERS.

After you have sent in the first four subscribers, we will give the privilege of drawing five books additional for every two subscribers sent in at $2.00 each. Thus by getting sixteen subscribers, you can enjoy the reading of forty standard works during the year, which would cost $50 to $60.

The library privilege is given only when four subscribers have been sent.

We shall not object to the inducement being used in getting your four new subscribers, that you will allow them to share in the reading of the books, provided only that they be returned to us at the time stated and in good order. We desire that the use of our facilities be as wide as possible, and that as many as possible shall be benefitted thereby.

(See suggestions about Reading Clubs in another column.)

ANOTHER OFFER.

Some may prefer to have fewer books to keep as their own property. To such we will allow one volume as a premium, to be selected by them from the list below, for every two subscribers at $2 each.

CASH MEMBERSHIP.

We prefer that the books shall be taken for procuring new subscribers, but as we desire to place them within the reach of all subscribers, we will allow the reading of ten volumes from the list for $3 per year, so that if it is not practicable to get new subscribers, you can for $5 per year have the SATURDAY EVENING POST and the reading of $15 worth of books.

The above are special and distinct offers, separate from the clubbing terms offered in another place. Those who prefer can still have the privilege of clubbing to secure the lower subscription rates there offered as an inducement—the margin is too low to allow the library privileges except for full subscription rates.

LIST OF BOOKS.

CHARLES DICKENS' WORKS.

1—Pickwick.
2—Oliver Twist and Christmas Stories.
3—Dombey and Son.
4—Martin Chuzzlewit.
5—Our Mutual friend.
6—Curiosity Shop and American Notes.
7—Nicholas Nickleby.
8—David Copperfield.
9—Barnaby Rudge and Edwin Drood.
10—Little Dorrit.
11—Tale of Two Cities, Hard Times and Additional Christmas Stories.
12—Bleak House.
13—Great Expectations and Sketches by Boz.

14—In the Days of My Youth. By Amelia B. Edwards.
15—Charlotte Ackerman. By Otto Muller.
16—The Cross of Berny. By Mme de Girardin, Mm. Gautier, Sandeau and Mery.
17—The Son of an Organ Grinder. By Maria Sophie Schwartz.
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Scribner's Monthly is as full of good things as a Christmas stocking. Norway and the Norsemen, by Hjalmar H. Borjesen, superbly illustrated, affords an instructive glance over that little known country. Mr. S. B. Herrick, contributes an admirable illustrated article on Liverworts and Ferns. From the English Workingmen's Home, we may learn how to improve our own methods of providing homesteads for those of limited means. "Papa Hoorns, Tulip" is a most laughable extravaganza, founded on the tulip mania in Holland. "What our Churches Cost Us," deserves the thoughtful consideration it will command.

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Lippincott's Magazine, for January, opens with an illustrated article on Spain, by Edward King, descriptive chiefly of the quaint customs and amusing types of character that still characterize provincial life in the country of Don Quixote. "Our Floor of Fire" the title of another illustrated paper, in which the phenomena and operation of volcanic eruptions are depicted and explained, according to the most recent observations and theories of scientific explorers. Mr. Earl Shinn, the distinguished art critic, has a paper on "Phidias and his Predecessors," full of information and subtle remark on the history and characteristics of Greek sculpture, with vivid descriptions of the Elgin marbles and other existing specimens. "The Young Man who went West" presents in a half comic, half serious light, the claims of California to be regarded as the typical American state. Other articles of interest, by Marie Howland, Rev. William M. Baker, a poem by Sidney Lanier, and Mrs. Hooper's Gossip from Paris, make the number specially attractive.

Appleton's Journal begins the new year auspiciously. A posthumous story by Mrs. Shelley, the author of the famous "Frankenstein," discovered among the papers of Leigh Hunt, will attract attention. It is a romance of a somewhat old-fashioned type, but very powerfully written, and full of striking incidents. An unusual feature is a long story in verse from an anonymous author, the title of which is "Two Women"—a stirring and powerful picture of an incident of the late war, describing two women, effectually contrasted in all particulars of character, who are on their way to nurse a lover wounded in battle. Whatever one may at first think of a poem of this length in a popular magazine, no one can begin its perusal without being carried breathlessly to the end. There is an illustrated paper on Northwestern waterfalls; an excellent article by Junius Henri Browne on Heinrich Heine; a good short story by Albert Rhodes; the continuation of Julian Hawthorne's "Out of London;" a very striking description of a winter sledge-ride over the frozen lakes of the Northwest; various papers on subjects of current interest; and, as a light finish to the number, an off-hand, rattling, sparkling story of the Centennial. The editor discusses scurrility in politics, Antonelli, modesty in American women, and other themes.

ETTA

BY CHAS. F. LARNED

A star, and a rose-bud whispered each other,
That my heart was in love fervently—
That they for the skies and earth, met together,
To wed if my Etta loved me.

And the maiden whose eyes were as clear as the night,
Named Etta, looked up at the skies,
As she fixed in hair the rose with delight,
For Astarte to shine in her eyes.

'Twas when the Spring blossomed they whispered together,
Astarte and the rose-bud of me,
And now that she loves me, and we are together,
The flowers have wedded the sky.

And the wedding of all was held on that day,
My Etta said we'd ne'er part,
For there was a star in her eyes for me,
Loving the rose and my heart!

EDINA.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

[This story was commenced in No. 19, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XVII.

A DANGEROUS ENEMY.

"I knew Aaron Pitt was to be married this morning, but I declare I never gave a thought to the register," spoke he aloud. "They did see it, you say. Did they make any comment?"

Some comments were made. Clerk Trim was so much surprised that he called out to know whether it was really my signature, and whether I had married you. It crossed my mind to say you did not wish it talked of just at present, and to beg them to keep it secret. But as so many people were there I thought it would be quite useless."

"Quite useless," decided Frank. "Well, this has come upon me quite unexpectedly, and—it will change my immediate plans. I must go to the Mount now instead of to the station."

"I am very sorry," began the clergyman, as nervously as though it were through some fault of his. "There are not two registers, you see, Mr. Raynor, and——"

"Oh, don't be sorry," interrupted Frank, recovering his spirits and his lightness of tone and heart. "I'm not sure but it may turn out for the best. Upon my return from London, a few days hence, I was going to declare it myself."

They shook hands, and Frank continued his way, striding over the ground at a great rate. Instead of branching off at the turning that led to the railway, he strode straight onwards towards the Mount.

"All for the best," he repeated to himself, referring to his parting words to Mr. Backup. "It may end in my taking Daisy up with me to-day. It shall end so, if my will is worth anything."

Boldly went he to the Mount, knocking and ringing with a free hand. Far from feeling small for having run away with the prettiest daughter of the house, for which fea. he might expect reproach and obloquy, he seemed to think he had come on some errand that might end in merited reward.

"Can I see Mrs. St. Clare?"

One of the men-servants had flung open the entrance door. He answered immediately.

"Mrs. St. Clare is not at home, sir."

"Indeed!" returned Frank in surprise. For it was not her habit to go out so early.

"My mistress and the young ladies have left home this morning, sir," explained the man. "They are gone for a week, or so."

"Where to?"

"I don't know, sir. It was uncertain. Perhaps as far as Malvern; Miss Lydia likes Malvern; or perhaps only to one of the seaside places on this coast."

"You cannot tell me where a letter would find Mrs. St. Clare?"

"No, sir. My mistress said that all letters might wait here until she came back."

So there was no help for it; he could not make the communication to Mrs. St. Clare. But in all probability she would hear nothing of the news until her return. Daisy would be sure to write to him, and Edina had been requested to forward his letters to town.

"It must have been rather a sudden thought of Mrs. St. Clare's, this going from home; was it not?"

"Quite so, sir. It was Miss Lydia who started it, while the ladies were sitting in the drawing-room yesterday afternoon. Tabitha never heard a word about packing up, sir, till she was at her tea."

Frank looked at his watch. There might be still time to catch his train yet if he started for the station at the rate of a steam-engine. He set off; and just accomplished it. But that he did so was owing to the fact that the train, as usual, came up considerably behind its time.

It is a great deal easier, in this world, to raise a storm than to allay one: and so Mr. Blase Pellet found to his cost. He had roused the public mind on the subject of the missing miner, Bell; and the public mind refused to come down again.

Day by day, since the discovery in the register, did the astounding news of Frank's private marriage make a deeper impression upon Blase Pellet. He saw things now, looking back, with very different eyes from what he formerly had seen them. He told himself that Rosaline's version of his intimacy with Mr. Raynor—namely, that it was no particular intimacy and had nothing beneath its surface—was the truth. The relief to himself was wonderfully great; all his love for her, that he had been angrily trying to repress, increased tenfold; and he began to see that the love might indeed come to fruition. At least, that if it did not, the fault would have arisen from his own insensate folly. If he could but stop this commotion about Bell, so that the man might lie on where he was, he should make his way with Rosaline. But the public seemed anything but inclined to let it stop; and Blaze Pellet gave many a mentally-breathed hard word to the said public. Just at present Trennach appeared to have nothing to do but go about suggesting disagreeable surmises.

One story led to a second; one supposition to another. From the first startling rumor, that Bell might be lying at the bottom of the shaft (as shown to Mr. Pellet in a remarkable dream), Trennach passed on to believe that he was there; and, next, to say that he must be searched for.

In vain Blase Pellet, mortified, agitated, and repentant, sought to prove that Bell was not there; that no foundation could exist for the notion; that he was fully convinced now that his dream had not been a dream at all, but a baseless fabric of a fancy. Trennach did not listen to him. Excitement had gone too far for that. It was just possible of course, that poor Bell might not be in the pit; but they thought he was; and, at any rate, they meant to see. As simple-minded, well-meaning Andrew Float expressed it: "Dreams don't come for nothing." Blase Pellet could have bitten out his false tongue. How easy the future would now have seemed but for this storm! Frank Raynor removed from his path by marriage, his own success with Rosaline could only be a question of time; but if this stir, which he had invoked, could not be stilled, and it went on to any discovery, Rosaline would probably make it an excuse for throwing him off forever. That it would in any case grieve and anger her frightfully, that she would detect the falsity of his "dream," he knew by instinct; and Blase felt tempted to wish he had been born dumb.

When we put ourselves out of the way to delude the world, and do it, moreover, by a lie, the chances are that the step recoils unpleasantly upon ourselves. In some way or another we get repaid in our own coin. It may not be quite immediately; it may not be for years to come; but, rely upon it, it does come home to us sooner or later. We see the blind folly we were guilty of (not to speak of the sin), and we cry out in our flood-tide of repentance,—Oh that I had not quitted the straightforward path! As Blaze Pellet was crying now.

The owner of the land, one of those mine-owners whose wealth is something fabulous, became interested in the case. He came forward, and gave orders that the deep pit should be examined, to see whether or not the missing man was there. The necessary machinery was soon brought to bear—where wealth commands, difficulties are made easy—and the Bottomless Shaft was searched.

Yes. Josiah Bell was brought up to the surface. His attire was the same that he had worn the day of his disappearance: and there remained no doubt that he had met his death that same night by falling down the pit.

Amid powerful commotion, an inquest was called. Of course the question now was, how had he got down: a question that puzzled his friends and the world. For it was a fact well known that Bell gave way to superstitious fancies, and would not be likely to go near the shaft alone at night.

But no evidence came forward that could throw light on the mystery. Those who had seen him last in life—the pitman with whom he had been drinking at the Golden Shaft, and his wife at home, who had been the last, so far as was known, to exchange speech with him—told what they had to tell. Their testimony amounted to nothing. Neither, for the matter of that, did Mr. Blaze Pellet's. Very much to his inward dismay, Mr. Pellet was summoned as a witness, and was sharply questioned about his dream by the coroner.

And Blaze, in sheer helplessness and some terror, took up the dream again; the dream which he had been lately seeking to repudiate, so far as might be. He saw no other course, now that matters had come to this pass, and Bell had been actually found. If he disowned the dream, the next inquiry would be—How then did you come to know anything of the matter; what told you that the man was lying there? So, with a clouded face, and voice uneasy, Mr. Blase gave the history of his dream, and when asked by a juryman why he had gone about lately protesting that he was sure he had not had any dream, he replied that, seeing the public were growing so excited, he had deemed it better to disavow it, thinking it might calm them. The coroner, who seemed to be unfortunately sceptical as to dreams in general, eyed the witness keenly, and made him repeat the dream—at least what he remembered of it—three times over. Blaze declared he had never been able to recollect much of it, except the fact that he had seen Bell lying at the foot of the pit, dead. And then he had awakened in a state of inconceivable fright.

"Had you any animosity against the deceased during his life?" questioned the coroner, still regarding the witness intently.

"Oh, dear, no sir," returned Blase. "We never had a mis-word in our lives, but were always the best of friends. He was a kind of relation of mine. At least, his wife is."

That no animosity had existed between them could be testified to by the community in general, as the coroner found. He was looking at Blase still.

"And you positively state, young man, that you had no grounds whatever, except this dream, for suspecting or knowing that the deceased was down the shaft?"

Blase coughed. "No."

"You do not know how he got down?"

"Good gracious! Me know! Not I, sir."

Blaze had answered readily, save for the short cough, and with much appearance of earnestness. The coroner might be conscious of some dim doubts that were floating in his own mind, arising chiefly from his incredulity as to dreams; but the doubts were not sufficient to act upon, neither did he perceive that they could be in any way supported. So he released the witness, and the inquest came to an end, the jury returning an open verdict.

That Josiah Bell met his death through falling down the pit; but that what caused his fall, there was no evidence to show.

"He never went near to that pit of his own free will! He was lured to its edge and flung down it: or he was killed outright, and put down there afterwards out of the way."

The speaker was Mrs. Bell, who had at last assumed the widow's dress and cap. Her audience consisted of her daughter Rosaline, the Aunt Pellet from Falmouth, Blaze Pellet, and two or three of the neighbors. The aunt and Rosaline had arrived from Falmouth to attend the funeral. Rosaline, at first, had absolutely refused to come; she was afraid, she said, with much trembling and many bitter tears; she did not like to look upon the dead, even though it was her poor father; and she was too ill besides. But John Pellet and his wife overruled her: they told her it was an "unnatural state of feeling," and the aunt, who was coming to Trennach herself, brought Rosaline with her, partly by over-persuasion, partly by force.

Her plea of illness might indeed have been allowed. Thin, white, worn, with a shrinking manner that seemed to be always starting at shadows, Rosaline looked little like the gay and blooming girl once known to Trennach. Trennach gazed at her with amazed eyes, wondering what Falmouth could have done to her in that short period, or whether the Seven Whistlers, which had so startled her at home, could have followed her to that populous town. Sitting here in her mother's kitchen, her back to the light, her cheek resting on her hand, Rosaline listened in silence to the conversation, two people amid the company especially regarding her: Blase Pellet and Nancy Tomson. Nancy openly avowed that she had never seen any young woman so changed in all her life; while Blase Pellet, though mentally acknowledging the change, was drinking in her wondrous beauty.

"No men living have, as a body, queerer fancies than miners, especially these Cornish miners; and poor Josiah, though he was not a Cornish by birth, as we all know, had his," pursued Dame Bell, chiefly addressing her sister, a tall, thin woman, who had arrived fashionably attired in crape and bombazine, with a veil to her bonnet. Not that she had her bonnet on now, for this was the morning afterwards, and the day of the funeral.

"There's hardly a man about here that would venture close up alone to that shaft at night; and if you go out and ask 'em, one by one, Sarah, you'll find I am telling nothing but the truth," continued the widow, pursuing her argument. "Since Dan Sandon threw himself headlong in, and was killed, the men won't go near it for fear of seeing him. Neither would Bell. And he'd no more go up to that pit's mouth by himself at night, I say, than he'd——"

"Perhaps he fell down it accidentally, Ann?" interrupted Mr. Pellett.

"I don't say but what he might. If he was on its brink, looking down, or anything of that, he might have overbalanced himself. But I do say that he was not there alone. I ask what took him to it at all, and I ask who was with him?"

Pertinent questions, both. Rosaline, chancing to look up, met the eyes of Blase Pellet. Each started slightly, as though to look at one another were a crime.

"Let us put it down as being an accident, for argument's sake," urged the widow. "Why didn't the other man (or men) give an alarm? Why didn't he (or they) come running away from the pit, and say, poor Bell has fallen down that shaft, and what's to be done? Come, can any of you answer me that?"

"Well, it stands to reason that that's what anybody would do," observed Mrs. Pellet. "But who was it that was with him?"

"There ain't one o' the men owns to it," put in Nancy Tomson. "What should have have took 'em up to that there ghastly shaft at night, they ask, or Bell either?"

"No not one owns to it; and, as far as I can see, there was nothing to take 'em," assented Mrs. Bell. "Therefore I say it was no accident. Bell was just carried there, dead or alive, as might be, and put away out o' sight."

"What shall you do about it?" asked Mrs. Pellet in a sacred tone.

"What can I do, but wait? Wait till something turns up."

"If it never does turn up?"

"But it will," confidently asserted Dame Bell."

"So say I," spoke Nancy Tomson. "When once a thing o' this kind is led up to by dreams, it won't stop at the beginning. They dreams is strange indexes sometimes, and Mr. Blase Pellet there didn't have his for nothing. Without that dream the poor man might just ha' laid where he was, unsuspected, for ever."

Mr. Blase Pellet, listening to this, shot a glance of intense aggravation at the speaker. Rosaline looked up at him. It was a steady gaze this time; and one that betrayed unqualified contempt.

"Was it a very bad dream?" asked his relative from Falmouth; this being the first opportunity she had had to question Blase upon this subject.

"Bad enough," shortly replied Pellet. And with the words, he made a sudden detour to the front door, and took up his standing outside in the sunshine.

The movement led to a general dispersion. Nancy Tomson and the other neighbors departed; Mrs. Pellet went upstairs; Dame Bell passed into the back kitchen to see about their own and her lodgers' dinner; for the ordinary day's work must go on even at funeral times; and Rosaline stayed in the room alone.

"I am sorry I had that dream."

Lifting her eyes, which had been buried in her hand, Rosaline saw the speaker beside her—Blase Pellet.

"So am I," she shortly answered in a significant tone, that certainly gave him no encouragement to proceed.

"And still more sorry that I spoke of it abroad, Rosaline. For I see that it is giving you pain."

"Pain!" she ejaculated, a whole world of anguish in her tone. Ay, and of resentment also.

"But it shall be the chief endeavor of my life to atone to you for it, Rosaline. My best care, my truest love, shall be devoted to you. Daily and hourly——"

"Be quiet, Blase," she interrupted, the spirit in her eye, the hot flush upon her cheek rendering her for the moment almost more than beautiful. "We will understand one another at once, and finally. To talk of such a thing as 'love,' or 'care,' to me is worse than useless. My path lies one way, yours lies another; it will not be my fault if they ever cross each other again."

"You do not mean this?" he said, after a pause.

"I do mean it. I used to mean it; as you know. I shall mean it always."

With a quick movement, she evaded his outstretched hand, that would have sought to detain her, and ran up the stairs, leaving Mr. Blase Pellet uncommonly discomfited; but not as much so as a less hopeful swain would have been.

"It was a little too soon to speak," reasoned he with himself. "I must wait a while."

Of all the scenes connected with Bell's disappearance and his recovery, none caused more excitement than that of the funeral. It was fixed for a late hour—six o'clock in the afternoon. This was to enable the pitmen to be present. The Reverend Mr. Backup made no sort of objection. The hour for the interment came, and people flocked to it from far and wide. Not only did the local miners attend, but also the gangs of men from other mines far distant. Mr. Backup had never seen such a crowd in his life. Just around the grave a small space was left for Mrs. Bell and the other mourners; but in the churchyard and the parts adjacent, including a portion of the Bare Plain, the spectators thronged.

Rosaline was not there. Blase was. In right of his relationship to the Pellets of Falmouth, Blase had been invited to attend, and made one of the mourners, with a flow of crape hanging to his hat. Whether Rosaline had meant to make one also did not clearly appear, though nobody thought to doubt it; but just before the time of starting she was seized with a kind of fainting fit. Not quite losing her consciousness, but lying back powerless in her chair, and looking white as death. Nancy Tomson, who was to be one of the procession, was the first to recognise the dilemma the seizure placed them in.

"What is to be done?" she cried. It'll never do to keep him, and the parson, and they folks waiting; but she can't walk like this!"

The "him" applied to poor Bell. At least, to what was left of him. For the convenience of the inquest and other matters, he had been placed in a shelter bordering on the Bare Plain, partly room, partly shed, when first brought up from the pit, and had not been removed. It was there that the mourners would meet the coffin and attend it to the church.

"True," put in Mrs. Trim; who had deemed it but neighborly to look in upon the Widow Bell at this sorrowful hour and see what was to be seen. "They funerals don't wait for nobody; specially when they be put off to a'most sunset."

"No, it will not do to keep it waiting," breathed Rosaline from her weak and trembling lips. "Do you go on, all. I will follow if I am able, and catch you up."

Nancy Tomson feebly offered to stay with her, seeing that good feeling demanded as much, but she did not at all mean the offer to be accepted, for she would not miss the ceremony for the world; it was not every day she had the chance of fulfilling a post of importance at a funeral; and such a funeral as this. Rosaline promptly declined her company, saying she felt much better now and preferred to come after them alone.

So the mourners departed, followed at a respectful distance by many neighbors, and others, who had collected to watch and wait for their exit. The chief crowd had gathered about that other building, for which these were now making their way. Men, women and children went tramping off towards it across the Plain; and in a few minutes Bleak Row was as absolutely deserted as though it were a city of the dead.

Rosaline slowly rose from her seat, dragged the chair outside and sat down in the evening sunshine. Thankful was she to be alone. No eye was on her. The houses were empty, the Bare Plain, stretching out around and beyond, lay silent and still, save for that moving mass of human beings, pressing farther and farther away into the distance. The open air seemed necessary to her if she would continue to draw breath. When somewhat more composed, she put up her two hands in the attitude of prayer, bent forward till her forehead touched them, and sat with her eyes closed.

A prayer-book lay on her knee. She had brought it forth, intending to follow the service, soon about to begin. But she could not. There she sat, never once moving her attitude, some scattered passages of the service recurring now and again to her memory, and ascending to heaven from the depths of her anguished heart. Poor Rosaline Bell! There were some moist eyes and wrung feelings amid those mourners standing round the grave, but none of them could know aught of the desperate distress that was *her* portion. None, none.

But now, it was perhaps a somewhat singular coincidence that just as Frank Raynor should have come unexpectedly upon that excited throng, collected round the Bottomless Shaft on the Bare Plain, a few nights before his departure for London, so he should now in like manner come quite unexpectedly upon this throng, gathered at Bell's funeral. The one had not surprised him more than the other did. He had been just a fortnight absent in London; this was the day of his return, and he was now walking home from the station. All the excitement, consequent upon the finding of Bell, had taken place during these two weeks of Frank's absence. There had been commotion (the result of Blase Pellet's "dream") before his departure, with much talking and surmising; but all action had taken place since.

In a letter written to him by Edina, Frank had learnt that Bell was found. But he learnt nothing more. And he certainly had not thought of coming into the midst of the funeral, and of this large mass of people collected at it, as he passed the churchyard on his way from the station to his uncle's, on this, the evening of his return.

Before he knew what it all meant, or could quite make out whether his eyes were not playing him false, he found himself accosted by the clerk's wife, Mary Trim. Mrs. Trim told all she knew, intensely gratified at the opportunity of doing it, and a good deal she did not know. Frank listened in silence.

"Yes, sir, he was found there, down deep in the pit shaft, and the jurymen never brought it in one way nor t'other, whether he was thrown down wilful, or fell in accidental, but just left folks to fight out the question for their own selves. It were a dreadful thing for him any way, poor man! to ha' been lying there all this while."

"I never saw so many people at a funeral in my life," observed Frank, making no direct comment on her words.

He mechanically moved onwards a step, and looked over the hedge that skirted the graveyard. Mary Trim continued her information and remarks, detailing the mourners by name, and stating that Rosaline was seized with a kind of faint when they were starting, and so remained at home alone.

"Alone!" cried Frank.

"All alone entirely," repeated Mary Trim. "Every soul from all parts is here, Mr. Frank; as you may see. She said perhaps she'd follow if she felt equal to't; but she's not come. She and her aunt talks o' going back to Falmouth to-morrow; but the widow, poor thing, is against it! That's the aunt, sir—that tall, thin woman."

Rapidly Frank Raynor debated a question with himself. He much wished to say a few words to Rosaline in private; what if he seized upon this occasion for it? If she were indeed going away again on the morrow, he might find no other opportunity. Yes; at any rate he would try.

Turning somewhat abruptly from the clerk's wife, leaving her in the middle of a sentence, Frank made a detour round the churchyard on the outskirts of the crowd, and strode very rapidly away over the Bare Plain. Rosaline was sitting just in the same position, her head bowed, her hands raised. His footsteps aroused her.

Respecting her griefs as he had never respected any grief yet, feeling for her (and for many other things connected with the trouble) from the bottom of his heart, uncertain and fearful of what the ultimate end would be, Frank took her hand in silence. She gazed up at him yearningly, almost as though she did not at once recognize him, a pitiful expression on her face. For a short while he did not speak a word. But, what he had come to say, must be said, and without delay; for already the ceremony had terminated and the possession of mourners, with the attendant crowd, might be seen advancing across the Bare Plain.

"It has nearly killed me," moaned Rosaline. "I should be thankful that he is found, but for the fear; thankful that he has had Christian burial. But there can be no more security now. There was not much before."

"Nay," spoke Frank, "I think it is just the contrary. While the affair lay in uncertainty, it was liable to be stirred up at any moment; now it will lie at rest."

"Never," she answered. "Never so long as Blase Pellet lives. He has brought this much about, and he may bring more. Oh, if we could but be hidden from him!"

Frank, holding her hand still, in his deep compassion, spoke to her quietly and kindly for a few moments. She seemed to listen as one who hears not, as one whom words cannot reach or soothe; her eyes were fixed on the ground, her other hand hung listless. But now the first faint hum of the mass of people, approaching nearer and nearer, struck upon her half-dulled ear. She raised her eyes and saw what caused it. First in the line walked her mother and aunt; their black robes and the black hoods on their heads lighted up by the setting sun. And as if the sight of these mourning garments put the finishing touch to her already distracted mind and conveyed some sudden terror into it, Rosaline gave a shrill scream and fell into a fit of hysterics, almost of convulsions. Frank could not quit her, even to dash indoors for water. He put his arm round her to hold her still.

"What on earth is it, sir?" demanded Nancy Tomson, who was the first to speak, when the group of hooded women came up.

"It is only an attack of hysterics," said Frank. "She fell into it but now; I think with the sight of your approach. It is a sad day for her, you know; and she does not seem very strong. Let somebody get water."

"I thought it must be your ghost, Mr. Frank," spoke poor Mrs. Bell, in a subdued tone, as she put back the hood. "Believing you were in London——"

"I am back again," he shortly interrupted. "Seeing your daughter sitting here, I turned aside to speak a word of sympathy."

The sobbing hysterics subsided as quickly as they came on; and Rosaline, putting aside the water untasted, rose of her own accord and passed into the house. The women passed in after her, leaving Blase Pellet outside. As to the mass of voluntary attendants, they had slackened steps beforehand some distance off, and seemed to be uncertain what next to do—whether to disperse on their various roads, or to remain talking with one another.

This virtually left Frank and Blase Pellet alone. Blase took off his tall Sunday hat, and rubbed his brow with his white handkerchief, as though the heavy hat and the burning sun had left an unpleasant sensation of heat there. It was, however, neither the hat nor the sun that had put him into that access of warmth; it was the sight of Frank Raynor. Of Frank Raynor holding Rosaline's hand in his, holding *her*, in fact, and bending over her with what looked very like an outburst of affection.

A most disagreeable idea had flashed into Mr. Pellet's head. A dim, indistinct idea, it is true, but none the less caught at. Married man though Frank Raynor was, as the world of Trennach knew, he might not have given up his love of Rosaline! He might be intending to keep that sentiment on; keep her to himself, in short, to laugh and chatter with whenever they should meet, to the present destruction of the hopes of everybody else, including Blase Pellet. And Blase, in the plenitude of his wrath, could have struck him to the earth as he stood.

How mistaken people can be! How wildly absurd jealousy makes them! Nothing could be further from the thoughts of Frank Raynor than any such meaning; he was at honest peace with all the world, most certainly intending no harm to Rosaline, or to any one else. At peace even with that one until in it, Blase Pellet; and in the plenitude of his good-nature he addressed him cordially.

"You have been one of the followers of poor Bell, I see. The affair is altogether a sad one."

"Yes, it is," replied Blase Pellet. "We have been putting him into his grave; and matters, so far, are hushed up. But I don't say that they are hushed for good. I could hang some people to-morrow."

The intense acrimony of his tone, the steady gaze of his meaning eyes, proved that this man migh yet become a dangerous enemy. Frank's courage fell.

"What do you mean?" he asked. But for the very life of him he could not coax his voice to be quite so free and independent as usual.

"It does not matter saying now what I mean, Mr. Raynor. Perhaps I never shall say it. I'd rather not; and it won't be my fault if I do. You *keep out of my way* and out of somebody else's way, and I daresay I shall be still, and forget it. Out of sight, out of mind, you know, sir."

Frank, deigning no reply, turned into the house to see if there was anything he could do for Rosaline. And then he walked away rapidly towards Trennach.

* * * * * * * *

Mrs. St. Clare had not yet returned to the Mount, but she was expected daily. Frank had received three or four letters from Daisy, reposted to him to London by Edina, but not one letter had he been able to write in return. They were going about from place to place in obedience to Lydia's whims, Daisy said, and it was simply impossible to give any certain address where a letter might find her. Every day for a week past had her mother announced her intention of turning her steps homeward on the morrow; and every morrow, as it dawned, had her steps been turned to some fresh place instead.

But Frank was in a fever of impatience for their return now. The five hundred pounds legacy was to be paid him, and he meant to take Daisy away on the strength of it. He had no fixed plans as yet; they had been delayed by the uncertainty attending the larger sum promised him; the three thousand pounds. Strictly speaking, it was two thousand five hundred; for this first sum of five hundred was to form a portion of it. It is true that Frank had made inquiries in London; had seen two old-established medical men who were thinking of taking a partner. But each of them wanted a good sum paid down as equivalent; and neither of them seemed to be so sanguine on the score of Frank's coming into the three thousand pounds as he himself was. With his usual straightforward candor, he disclosed the full particulars of the doubts, as well as of the expectations. So, with the future still undecided, here he was, back at Trennach; but only back to make preparations to finally leave it.

With regard to the assistance for Dr. Raynor, he had been more fortunate; and had secured the services of one whom he judged to be in every way suitable. It was a Mr. Hatman. This gentleman was coming down on the morrow. He and Frank were to have traveled together, but Mr. Hatman could not get his arrangements completed quite so soon as he had thought; and Frank dared not delay even another day, lest Mrs. St. Clare should return. He could not leave Daisy to bear alone the brunt of the discovery of their marriage. Mr. Hatman was to have a three months' trial. At the end of that period, if it were found that he suited the Doctor, and the Doctor and the place suited him, he would remain.

It was not often that Dr. Raynor found fault or gave blame. But on this night, after Frank's return, when they were shut up together alone, he took Frank severely to task. Common report had carried the news of the marriage to him; and he expressed his opinion of it very freely.

"It was perhaps a hasty thing to do, sir, and was entered upon without much thought," admitted Frank, after he had listened. "But we did not care to lose one another."

"Well, I will say no more," returned Dr. Raynor. "The thing cannot be undone now. There's an old saying, Frank, that is perhaps more often exemplified than people think: 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure.' I wish that this case of yours may prove an exception, but I can scarcely hope that it will."

"We shall get along all right, Uncle Hugh."

"I trust you will."

"I told Hatman about it—he is a very nice fellow, and you will be sure to like him, uncle—and he wished me and Daisy jolly good luck. He says his mother's was a runaway match, and it turned out famously."

On the day but one following; that is, the day after Mr. Hatman arrived at Trennach, Mrs. St. Clare and her daughters returned to the Mount; not reaching it, however, until late at night, for they had missed the earlier train they had meant to travel by.

Frank went up betimes the next morning. His interview with Mrs. St. Clare took place alone. She was surprised and indignant at what he had to disclose—namely, that the marriage ceremony had passed between him and her daughter Margaret. But, on the whole, she was more reasonable than might have been expected.

"I wash my hands of it, altogether, Mr. Frank Raynor, of her and you, as I said I would—though you may be sure that when I spoke, I never contemplated so extreme a step as this that she has taken. But that I cannot disbelieve what, as you say, is so easy of proof, I should have thought it impossible to be true. Daisy has always been so docile and dutiful."

"I will make her the best of husbands; she shall never know an hour's care with me," spoke Frank earnestly, his truthful blue eyes and the sincerity on his beaming face expressing more than words could do.

"But what of your means of keeping her?" asked Mrs. St. Clare coldly.

"By the aid of the three thousand pounds I have mentioned to you, I shall get into a first-class practice in London," returned he in his most sanguine manner. "I trust you will not despise that position for her. Our first practitioners take a high standing, Mrs. St. Clare. Some of them are baronets, you know—if you care about a title. I should like to see Daisy Lady Raynor."

"So should I!" returned Mrs. St. Clare in a tone that rather took Frank and his earnestness aback, for it displayed too much mocking disbelief in the prospect. "Well, I wash my hands of you both, Mr. Francis Raynor. I wash my hands of *her*. As she has made her bed so she must lie in it."

Daisy was summoned to the conference. She came in with timid steps; and stood, tearful and trembling, in her pretty morning dress of colored muslin. It chanced to be the one she was married in. Frank Raynor drew her arm within his, and stood with her.

"You may well shrink from me, unhappy girl!" cried Mrs. St. Clare. "Where is your wedding-ring?"

With shaking hands, Daisy produced it, attached to its piece of blue ribbon. Frank took it from her, broke the ribbon, and placed the ring on its proper finger.

"Never again to be taken off, my dear," he said. "Our troubles are over."

She was to be allowed to remain at the Mount until the afternoon—which Mrs. St. Clare called a great concession—and then she and Frank would start up on the first stage of their journey. Daisy might take a box of apparel with her: the rest should be forwarded to any address she might choose to give.

Back went Frank again to Dr. Raynor's to prepare for the departure on his own score. Very busy was he that day. Now talking with his uncle, now with Edina, now with Mr. Hatman; and now running about Trennach to shake hands with all the world in his sunny-natured way. A hundred little children made happy by sweetmeats. Even to Blase Pellet—even to him—Frank gave a kindly word and nod at parting.

It was late in the afternoon when he, in a close carriage provided for the occasion, went up to the Mount for Daisy. She was ready, and came out, attended to the door by only Tabitha; Mrs. St. Clare and Lydia did not appear. Thence she and Frank drove to the station, and found they had five minutes to spare.

Frank had been seeing to the luggage, when Daisy came out of the waiting-room for all classes.

"The most beautiful girl is sitting inside, Frank," she said in an undertone. "I could not keep my gaze from her. But she looks very ill."

"Is there?" he carelessly remarked, as they both went in together.

But, to Daisy's extreme surprise, she, the next moment, saw Frank go up and speak to this girl; who was sitting with an elderly companion, both of them in deep mourning. Daisy, her eyes fixed on the beautiful face, wondered who they could be; wondered whether they were ladies, or whether they were not.

But there was no further time. The train came puffing in, and all was bustle. Daisy saw Frank again shake hands cordially with this delicate-looking girl, and whisper a few farewell words to her. She was evidently not departing by this train; probably by one going in the opposite direction.

"Who was it, Frank?" questioned Daisy, when they were at length seated in the carriage.

"It is Rosaline Bell. She and her aunt are going back to Falmouth."

"*That* Rosaline Bell!" exclaimed Daisy, her face flushing scarlet. "I—I—did not know she was so very beautiful."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FARM AND GARDEN.

It often cures hens of egg-eating to give one or two shells filled with strong mustard fresh made. The bird may try one or two, and even eat it all, but usually finds it "too hot" in the end. For soft eggs the best thing we know is pounded raw oyster shells.

Harness and other articles of leather that are injuriously acted upon by the ammoniacal exhalations common in stables may, according to Professor Artus, be thoroughly and effectually protected by the addition of a little glycerine to the oil or blacking with which their surfaces are treated.

To mark steel or iron tools, warm them so that a little wax or paraffine placed on them will spread, and, cooling, form a coating, then write with a needle through the coating whatever you wish, make a wall of wax about it and put on some nitric acid for a few moments. Warm the wax and wipe off.

A good mode of fastening a horse in a stall is the English one of attaching a light weight to the end of the halter, and allowing it to run up and down the manger, which should always be boarded in front from the floor up. By this arrangement the horse enjoys sufficient liberty, and yet has no chance of getting cast by stepping over his halter.

To tan sheep skins with the wool on, trim the skins well, cutting off legs and all useless parts; wash them thoroughly clean; nail them to the barn floor (or any suitable floor) with the wool side down, stretching them well; wash each one in one-half cupful of salt dissolved in hot water, about five minutes each day for four or five days; then take one-half cupful of pulverized alum, dissolve in one quart of water, and wash each skin with this once a day for four days; then when dry take up the skin and rub it with sandstone to remove all flesh.

The following table showing the estimated value of the manure obtained in the consumption of one ton of different articles of food, each supposed to be of good quality of its kind, as published by Mr. Lawes, of Rothamstead. English hay is taken as a standard, and a ton is supposed to yield an amount of manure worth $10.00, basing its value on the market price of its chemical ingredients.

Hay,	$10 00	Clover hay,	$14 [illegible]
Oat straw,	4 50	Wheat straw,	4 [illegible]
Barley straw,	3 [illegible]	Linseed cake,	[illegible]
Malt-dust,	[illegible]	Malt	[illegible]
Oats,	11 50	Wheat,	11 [illegible]
Indian corn,	10 50	Barley,	[illegible]
Potatoes,	2 25	Mangolds,	1 [illegible]
Swedes,	1 41	Turnips,	1 [illegible]
Decorticated cotton seed,	[illegible]	Carrots,	1 [illegible]

All of the ash element contained in the food is either converted into structure, or is recoverable in the manure; in adult animals, about all finds its way to the dung heap. A portion of the nitrogen, however, appears to be lost by respiration and perspiration. This table is as near relatively correct as known facts admit it to be made.

BEHAVING AT A PARTY.

The rules for any party are not different from those for behavior at home. You dance and play and make yourself pleasant, just as you do at home always. This ought to put some of you on your good behavior, for, try as you will, and put on all you can, you can't show anything better in company than your old home everyday manners. You may set out to be very polite, but unless you are polite every day, the shabby, rough, common style gives all the impression that people get of you. Manners are not like clothes, that you can put on fine or coarse at pleasure, but like your spine and shoulders, that grow straight or crooked, as you carry yourself all the time. And let this be a caution, never to have manners too fine for everyday, or to try to be so nice that you can't carry it out. I mean, don't use too fine language, or try to be too sweet, or tire yourself out waiting on people, just to make an impression. Don't smile every time you speak to any one; it looks silly, and you should allow somebody at home to make fun of you a good many times to break you of the habit. Smile when there is anything to smile at, but to grin or giggle when you say any common thing, like "It's a pleasant day," makes you look little better than a fool.

When supper is served, a boy will look for some little girl to wait on, and bring her what she asks for, a plate of oysters or cup of beef tea, which is fashionable for parties now, or some cold tongue first, then cake and jelly with ice creams, and the grapes and candy afterward, if there are such things. But a gentleman does not take his supper till he sees that whoever he waits on has all that she wants first. At a sit-down supper people look out for themselves more. Don't try to eat all the good things you can, and don't carry off anything in your pocket to eat afterwards. Don't be greedy, and what is more, don't speak of it if you see any one else greedy. Remember the good old rabbi who was awakened by one of his twelve sons saying, "Behold, my eleven brethren lie sleeping, and I am the only one who wakens to praise and pray." "Son," said the wise father, "you had better be asleep, too, than wake to censure your brothers." No fault can be as bad as the feeling which is quick to see and speak of other people's wrong.—WIDE AWAKE.

HOW MUCH WILL YOU GROW?

After wishing each other a "Happy New Year" all round, as we do now to every boy and girl of whatever age who reads this column, we want every one who expects to grow any this year, to make a mark to start from. Stand up straight against the wall, somewhere in the house where a mark will do no harm, and mark plainly just how high your head reaches. Put your name and the next New Year's day. Then go ahead, work, play, study, do whatever is right to do and let the growing take care of itself—some of you will be surprised to see how far your head will be lifted up during the year.

It will not be so easy to mark the growth inside. Every new thought, every book read, every plan laid, everything done by the mind, will add something to it. At the end of 1877, each one will be more observing, more thoughtful, stronger in memory, able to understand subjects better, or he will be more sluggish, careless and stupid. We are always growing up or down. Which shall it be this year?

Then, too, the heart, that is the feelings, will grow, pleasanter, kinder, more patient, brave, truthful and loving; or more impatient, cross, unobliging, cowardly, cruel and selfish; up or down. Which shall it be?

Nobody grows all at once. It would be very inconvenient if a boy should go to bed measuring four feet high, and wake up next morning measuring six feet. Just so we do not grow very strong, or wise or good all at once. It must be done by adding little by little; a little exercise, a little lesson, a pleasant word or smile, one small generous action at a time. It is very easy to resolve to be just right all at once, and it is a very good thing to do; but there must be day-by-day practice to accomplish it.

So then little ones and large ones, let us all together start to-day and grow upward a little, and a little to-morrow, and so on until next New Year's, and then we shall have something pleasant to think of for the next year.

HOW TO BREATHE PROPERLY.

Most people breathe properly, often more by accident or instinct than by design, but on the other hand hundreds of thousands do not breathe properly, while many thousands at this present moment are suffering from more or less severe affections of the lungs or throat, owing to a faulty mode of respiration—in other words, because they breathe through the mouth instead of through the nostrils. The mouth has its own functions to perform in connection with eating, drinking and speaking; and the nostrils have theirs—namely smelling and breathing. In the summer time the error of respiring through the mouth is not so evident as in the winter season, when it is undoubtedly fraught with danger to the person who commits the mistake. If any one breathes through the natural channel, the nostrils, the air, passing over the mucous membrane lining the various chambers of the nose, becomes warmed to the temperature of the body before reaching the lungs, but if he takes in air between the lips and through the mouth, the cold air comes in contact with the delicate lining membrane of the throat and lungs, and gives rise to a local chill frequently ending in inflammation. Many persons without knowing the reason why they are benefited, wear respirators over the mouth in winter, if they happen to go out of doors. By doing this they diminish the amount of air which enters between the lips and virtually compel themselves to breathe through the nostrils. But they could attain just the same result by keeping the lips closed, a habit which is easily acquired, and conduces to the proper and natural way of breathing. We believe that if the people would only adopt this simple habit—in other words, if they would take for their rule in breathing, "shut your mouth!" there would be an immense diminution in the two classes of affections—namely, those of the lungs and the throat, which count many thousands of victims in this country in the course of a single year.

INDIGNANT POLLY WOG.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

A tree-toad, dressed in apple-green,
Sat on a mossy log
Beside a pond, and shrilly sang,
"Come forth, my Polly Wog,—
My Pol—my Ly—my Wog,
My pretty Polly Wog;
I've something very sweet to say,
My slender Polly Wog!

"The air is moist—the moon is hid
Behind a heavy fog.
No stars are out to wink and blink
At you, my Polly Wog,—
My Pol—my Ly—my Wog,
My graceful Polly Wog;
Oh, tarry not, beloved one!
My precious Polly Wog!"

Just then away went clouds, and there
A-sitting on the log—
The other end, I mean—the moon
Showed angry Polly Wog.

Her small eyes flashed—she swelled until
She looked almost a frog.
"How dare you call me, sir," she asked,
"Your precious *Polly* Wog?"

"Why, one would think your life was spent
In some low, muddy bog;
I'd have you know, to strange young toads
My name's Miss *Mary* Wog."

One wild, wild laugh that tree-toad gave
And tumbled off the log,
And on the ground he kicked and screamed
"Oh, Mary, Mary, Wog!
Oh, Ma! oh, Ry! oh, Wog!
Oh, proud Miss Mary Wog!
Oh, goodness gracious!—what a joke!
Hurrah for *Mary* Wog!"

[*Scribner's Magazine.*]

MODESTY AND ASSURANCE.

BY LEX.

I stood upon the plain of Indecision. Above me towered the mountain of Assurance; below lay the Valley of Modesty.

"Which way shall I turn?" said I.

On the top of the mountain I could see the palace of Deceit, as it shone in the noonday sun, and I said:

"I will go hence, for surely I may believe my own eyes."

As I looked back into the Valley of Modesty, I thought aloud:

"There is nothing to attract me, only the simple cottage where Humiliation lives, and no lofty towers and walls of gold like yonder palace."

So I started up the mountain, but my staff of support gave way, and as I turned to break another, and grasped it in my hand, it crumbled to pieces.

I entered a by-path, and was before a gate, over which was written, in letters of gold, this inscription:

"Pass through me, and thou shalt be rewarded."

I paused a moment, then entered, but looking back I saw another inscription:

"Thou fool, I am Falsehood; but it is too late; thou canst not retrace thy steps."

I sat down and wept over my fall, when I was aroused by a voice:

"O, come with me; I am the only one capable of guiding you up the hill; all travelers pronounce me far superior to either Pride or Beauty. My name is Love, though I am falsely called Conceit."

We had ascended the hill about half way, when some one rapidly approached, and, throwing his arms around my neck, began to speak of "my many charms and uncommon beauty."

"Ah," said Conceit, "look at me, Flattery [illegible] praise me."

I soon grew weary of my companions, and longed to be free from them, but it was impossible. How I regretted not turning to the Valley of Modesty, for I was sure all was lovely there!

As we neared the palace, I thought: "O, how glorious! perhaps I am repaid," but soon I changed my opinion. There seemed to fall a cloud over me, which bedimmed my eyes, and changed all things around me.

The countenances of Deceit and Flattery were as black as ebony, and about them a look of indescribable horror; the brilliancy of the diamond was turned into the dullness of a gravel stone, and the sun had ceased to shine.

"What is it?" said I. "Surely this is the palace of Deceit, but I must endure, since I was so foolish as to pass through the gate."

Deceit, the king of the palace, came up to me, saying:

"Come in and thou shalt see things for thy good."

I obeyed. The interior was a dark vault: here and there a ray of light shone through a crack.

Sarcasm first confronted me:

"No doubt you enjoyed your journey up exceedingly; a lovely spot is Mount Assurance."

Then Derision said:

"Welcome, thou fool, not wise enough to keep on the other side of Falsehood." Bewildered, dazed, I could not think, as was told by Scorn, that my prison was ready.

Crime led me through a long dark passage, and I could hear human groans and howlings of wild beasts, mingled with the clangings of chains. "This is thy destruction," said he, as he swung open an iron door and hurled me headlong into the darkness.

How long I had remained there, I know not; but I saw, peering into mine, a face of peerless sweetness:

"I am Repentance; go with me, and I will bring thee into the presence of Forgiveness;" and I did so, but how, I do not know, only that I was in an open field, and no one there but Forgiveness, who said nothing, but gave me a leaf of a white lily, on which was written: "Faith," and pointed to the right.

I started to the right, and in a short time stood before another gate, the gate of Faith, and over it was written:

"I am the substance of things hoped for; by me shall ye enter into your happiness," and I crossed over and found myself in the valley which I had viewed when I stood upon the plain of Indecision; and I am there now in the cottage of Humiliation, and have no desire to return, for I am happy.

ONE night Munden, the actor—relates a musical contemporary—was playing in *The Committee* as Obadiah, and Jack Johnstone as Teague, who has to ply Obadiah from a black bottle. Such extraordinary and unusual grimaces did Munden make as he took down his draughts that not only did the audience break into convulsions of laughter, but Johnstone himself grew almost hysterical. The moment, however, that Munden was borne from the stage and the drop fell, he leaped up and screamed for a stomach-pump. "I'm a dead man," he shouted—"I'm poisoned! Where's the villain that filled that bottle? Ugh, oh! Hang it, sir, it's lamp-oil—lamp-oil—every drop of it!" Johnstone had the empty bottle in his hand—he smelt. It was too true. The property-man in haste had mistaken the lamp-oil for sherry-and-water. "But why in the name of all that is holy," said Johnstone, "why, Joe, did you allow me to pour the whole of the filthy stuff down your throat when a look or a word would have stopped me?" Munden's reply was worthy of an enthusiastic actor. "Jack," he gasped out, "my dear boy, so I should, but there was such a glorious roar at the first face I made that I had not the heart to spoil the scene, though I thought I should have died every time you poured a fresh gulp."

BOOKS.—Many readers judge of the power of a book by the shock it gives their feelings as some savage tribes determine the power of muskets by their recoil, that being considered best which fairly prostrates the purchaser.

CHILDREN'S MINDS.—The mind of childhood is the tenderest, holiest thing on earth. Let parents stand as watchers at the temple lest any unclean thing should enter.

HUMAN LIFE.—Having searched into all kinds of science, we discover the folly of neglecting those things which concern human life and involving ourselves in difficulties about questions that are but mere notions. We should confine ourselves to nature and reason.

Happy Influence of a Great Specific.

For the preservation or recovery of health and strength, the diet should be wholesome and nutritious. When it happens that the alimentary processes are disturbed by improper or half-masticated food, the best remedy for the evil results of abusing the digestive organs is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a most agreeable, prompt and gentle remedy for dyspepsia, and for the bilious and evacuate irregularities which result from it. The liver and bowels, in common with the stomach, experience its beneficent influence. The refuse of the system is carried off through its natural outlet, a healthy flow and secretion of the bile is promoted, and a powerful impetus is given to assimilation in consequence of its use. It healthfully stimulates the bladder and kidneys when they are inactive, and by its tonic and regulating action fortifies the system against malaria.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.

Act upon the Liver, removing all obstructions, relax the ducts of the gall-bladder, the bile starts freely and the liver is soon relieved; the stools will show what the Pills can do; nothing has ever been invented except Calomel (a deadly poison which is very dangerous to use unless with great care) that will unlock the gall-bladder and start the secretions of the Liver like SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.

THE attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of the *Kansas Farmer*. It is among the most vigorous and ably edited of our Western Agricultural journals.

GLEASON'S MONTHLY COMPANION.—This magazine is, without any exception, the cheapest monthly in existence. Each number is beautifully illustrated with numerous engravings. The price is only $1.25 a year, and it is sent to subscribers free of postage; besides an extra large oil chromo is given gratis, and sent free of postage, to every subscriber. Good cash commission to agents. Sample copies 10 cents, free of postage. Address F. GLEASON, Publisher, 738 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

THE HOME CIRCLE.—This elegant weekly is the best and cheapest illustrated literary paper in the United States, brimful of good things every week. Only $2.50 a year, and sent free of postage; besides, an extra large [illegible] and free of postage. A large commission is given to agents. Sample copies free, on receipt of a stamp for return postage. For sale by all newsdealers, at 6 cents per copy. Address F. GLEASON, Publisher, 738 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

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Wanamaker, 13th and Market, *Christmas Things.*
Wanamaker, 13th and Market, *Christmas Things.*
Wanamaker, 13th and Market, *Christmas Things.*

We have in stock of SEAL SACQUES we have a most beautiful assortment, and of Little Articles for Christmas Presents to Gentlemen, from a Silk Handkerchief to an Elegant Wrapper, we have the largest in the city.

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MEDICINE RENDERED USELESS.

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Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT, PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR; CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

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THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

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FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

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Sold by all dealers and druggists everywhere.

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You Can Get It Without Money.

THE "MUSICAL WONDER" MOUTH ORGAN,

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WITH MUSIC ON CARDS ARRANGED BY FIGURES.

No Knowledge of Music Required!

HOW TO GET ONE WITHOUT MONEY EASILY.

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THE TOLL-GATE!

THE FASHIONS.

[illegible]

A NUTSHELL NOVEL.

VOL. I.

A winning wile,
A sunny smile,
A feather;
A tiny talk,
A pleasant walk
Together!

VOL. II.

A little doubt,
A playful pout,
Capricious;
A merry miss,
A stolen kiss,
Delicious!!

VOL. III.

You ask mamma,
Consult papa,
With pleasure;
And both repent,
This rash event,
At leisure!!!

A STRANGE MYSTERY, OR THE MACKERELS OF MEMPHIS.

BY DR. WM. B. FAHY.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW IT WAS ALL BROUGHT ABOUT.

After Julian Woodson had left my office, I studied over the intricate case, and the more I studied, the more I was convinced that the only way to the solution was through the woman. Long practice and a peculiar gift of nature which enabled my mind to solve what would seem an unfathomable mystery to some men, raised the curtain and exposed to my view nearly every act of this fearful drama of crime. [illegible]

[illegible]

DARING CRAGSMEN.

The coasts of Norway, which are in some places more rugged, and grander in scale, than any of those in Scotland or the Hebrides, exhibit the characteristics of cliff fowling with remarkable completeness. [illegible]

[illegible]

IRON WORKS OF THE PHARAOHS.

An English gentleman, traveling near Sinai, [illegible]

[illegible]

LOST CHANCE OF THE SPIRITS.

These spirits which are alleged to be summoned from the vasty deep of another world by mediumistic powers have lately had, in England, some remarkable opportunities to prove their presence, but have failed to seize them. [illegible]

[illegible]

Very few men can be wholly wrong. The clock that does not go at all is right twice every twenty-four hours.

He who knows the world will not be too bashful. He who knows himself will not be imprudent.

Man is designed for an active being, [illegible]

A Promise.—A promise should be given with caution, and kept with care. [illegible]

A great poet does not trust to impulse alone. [illegible]

CORRESPONDENCE.

[illegible]

[illegible]

THE FASHIONS.

The old prophecy of a "hot summer making a freezing Winter," is being realized now.

A NUTSHELL NOVEL.

VOL. I.

A winning wile,
A sunny smile,
A feather

...a parish, a dancer at Charles' Theatre, but I was innocent of crime. He came, Devereux, then known as Gordon Mowbray. He was handsome and seductive, tho' my elder by twenty years or more. He ruined me, nay worse, made me the tool whereby to ruin others, and I ruined scores. Well, well, crime is its own retributor.

He was a hideous looking spectacle, his eyes were fiery and bloodshot, and the spirit of a demon seemed to animate him as he spoke.

"Call the servants!" I exclaimed.

V—— rang a bell, and two colored men

...more spiritual manifestations are looked into, the more clear it becomes that they are a vast system of legerdemain and trickery, playing often upon the most sacred and tender feelings of weak humanity, creating terrible misery here, and there destroying

CORRESPONDENCE.

F. V. (New Carthage, La.)—No recent news of the "Keely Motor," has been given to the public. The whole affair is too much like a